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A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

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REVIEWS.

IDA PFEIFFER'S LAST TRAVELS.\*

IDA PFEIFFER'S journeys are over. She has taken her last voyage: she has reached the undiscovered country, whence no traveller returns to tell its secrets, or to write its history; she has found the "place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." The nimble foot may step no longer; the observant eye is closed for ever; the courageous spirit will be tasked no more; and the graphic pen will never describe again. Yet she has not passed from among us without a souvenir; she has left us a legacy for which we are grateful. Of this legacy, that part which consists of papers prepared and arranged for publication by her son, concerning her last travels and her visit to Madagascar, is a very welcome boon; but more precious even than this are the notes she left touching her personal history, from which has been compiled a brief biographical memoir. For though, as the compiler tells us, "several incomplete biographical notices of Ida Pfeiffer are to be found scattered through various encyclopædias and periodicals," these must, from the nature of things, be far from perfect; and it is therefore matter of general congratulation that Madame Pfeiffer should have left behind her, in her own handwriting, an outline of her life, slight as that outline may be. The career of so remarkable a woman is worthy of every attention. For, however much our notions of order and fitness may be shocked by the contemplation of a masculine woman; though we may consider such a phenomenon in itself as abnormal as, and not a whit more commendable than, a man with feminine tastes and qualities; and much as we may be inclined to think that the example is calculated to do more mischief than good, to lead romantic girls to overrate their powers, and to pave the way for a state of things described by the Roman satirist:—

"Endromidas Tyrias et formineum ceroma  
Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera palli?

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,  
Quæ fugit à sexu? viros amat."

nevertheless, we cannot but gaze with wonder, if not unmixed admiration, upon these comets as it were amongst our common stars, we take pleasure in their more brilliant light, and we long to learn the history of their origin, and the secret of their eccentricity. Madame Pfeiffer's erratic orbit is fortunately very easily explained. From infancy she showed a masculine tendency; she preferred, and was allowed by her parents, to dress in boys' clothes; and her playthings were not dolls and tea-things, but drums and trumpets and weapons of war. Moreover her father, Herr Reyher, subjected her and her brothers (for sisters she had none—a fact which tended to increase her masculinity), to quite a Spartan course of discipline: she was taught to "be seen and not heard," and to acquiesce in bitter disappointment. However, in 1806, when Ida was nine years old her father died, and soon her mother, who had all along had some misgiving about the hermaphroditical régime, proceeded to "substitute petticoats for their mascu-

line equivalents." Such was the indignation of Ida at this very sensible, and ultimately inevitable treatment, that she took to her bed, and it was not until the doctor prescribed re-breaching that she recovered her health and spirits. Petticoat-day, however, came at last, and "at the age of thirteen she again dressed in female attire, and thenceforth adopted it permanently;" but not without tears. She was very clumsy, she tells us, at first; and we can easily imagine it, though the obvious comment is that clumsiness might have been avoided by an earlier resignation to the will of Providence. About this time came a tutor into the family, with whom Ida fell in love, but was unconscious of the passion that was stirring within her until, in her seventeenth year, an offer was made for her hand. Then the feeling became clearly defined; and, though she was unaware of it, the tutor was as deeply attached to her as she was to him. T—, as the tutor is called, had for some time, like a wise man, relinquished tuition, and "devoted himself to the civil service," in which he received a tolerable salary. He had, besides, continued to visit the Reyers as a friend, and had so ingratiated himself with Mme. Reyher that she often called him "her dear sixth son." No sooner therefore did he hear of the offer that had been made to Ida than he proposed to Mme. Reyher to make him "her dear sixth son" in reality. Now Mme. Reyher was the widow of an opulent merchant, Ida "could look forward to having a tolerable fortune," and T— had enough to live upon as long as he was in receipt of his salary: there being thus no fear of pecuniary difficulty, and a very fair prospect of happiness on the part of her daughter and her "dear sixth son," Mme. Reyher, like a woman of the world who wished to do the best she could for her children, very sensibly flew into a violent passion at the presumption of T—, withdrew her maternity, dubbed him "hateful" instead of "dear," and finally forbade him the house. Domestic broils ensued, during which so persistently did Mme. Reyher urge upon her daughter the desirability of marrying against inclination and the prospect of being comfortable, that at last poor Ida's spirit was broken, and she promised to marry the very first suitor who should present himself, provided only—and the proviso was "to convince T— that moral coercion and not her own inclination had impelled her to take this course"—the suitor was old at any rate, if not generally unprepossessing. So she married Dr. Pfeiffer, "one of the most distinguished advocates in Lemberg, and a widower moreover with a grown-up son:" he was twenty-four years older than Ida, that is to say, of the ripe age of forty-six. Besides, he lived a hundred miles from Vienna, which gave him great favour in Ida's eyes: could he have made it a thousand, Ida would almost have loved him. She told him honestly the state of her affections, but the worthy Doctor philosophically remarked, that he was not at all surprised to hear that a girl (why does the translator say "maiden"? people always will translate *mädchen* by *maiden*) of twenty-two years had already loved. Accordingly, he was accepted; and Ida bravely wrote to poor T—to inform him of her fate. T— replied nobly and unselfishly, and vowed eternal celibacy. This vow he faithfully kept. Ida's married life was far from easy: she found in Dr. Pfeiffer much to admire, esteem, and almost love; but he had the misfortune to be an upright, honest man, who hated injustice, and, when he could, exposed it. The consequence was, he was looked upon as "a restless character and an enemy to existing institutions," i. e. to dishonesty and venality. His

clients found that his advocacy was prejudicial to their interests; his practice fell off; and government employment was, of course, out of the question for one who would neither buy nor be bought. To add to the rest of his expensive qualities, he had been afflicted with a spirit of generosity, before which his own means and Ida's inheritance speedily vanished in gifts and loans. For several years, then, of her married life, Mme. Pfeiffer "performed household drudgery, and endured cold and hunger;" and it was not until 1831, when Mme. Reyher died, that she "inherited enough to keep her in a respectable style, and to provide good teachers for her children." We cannot, by ordinary process of arithmetic, quite reconcile with this Mme. Pfeiffer's exclamation, "Heaven only knows what I suffered during eighteen years of my married life: not, indeed, from any ill-treatment on my husband's part, but from poverty and want!" She was married in 1820, and her mother died in 1831: we cannot ourselves make eighteen years out of the interval; but times of suffering are proverbially long. She had two sons and a daughter; but the daughter lived only a few days. To the education of her sons, she devoted all her wonderful energy; and not before she had completed their education, and established each in his vocation, did she allow her fancy to wander to distant lands, and her mind to dwell on those visions of travel which imagination in her girlish days had conjured up, and which the first sight of old Ocean, when she journeyed to Trieste, had renewed and intensified. At the age of forty-five, therefore, and in full reliance upon her active courage, the Spartan discipline of her childhood, her training as a wife in the school of hardship, and her habits of economy,—she, a woman, short of stature, thin, slightly bent, and with a placid, matronly face, no indicator of dauntless courage and indomitable energy—went forth alone, to brave the perils of distant lands. The result is known: the four editions of *A Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land, the Voyage to the Scandinavian North and the Island of Iceland*,—*A Woman's Journey round the World*, and *My Second Journey round the World*, have been read in many languages, and drawn from readers in many tongues expressions of delight, astonishment, and admiration. To have excited the envy of Alexander Humboldt were enough for fame; yet she had seen what Humboldt never saw, an eruption of the volcano Cotopaxi. In the present volume, we have an account of her latest adventures, particularly in the island of Madagascar, where she laid the foundation, from fever, of that disease which was ultimately to cost her life. Her naïveté, her graphic power, her common-sense, and her causticity, are, in this volume, very apparent. She fastens on a canting missionary like a terrier on a rat. See this:—

"Everything Mr. Lambert had done in reference to Madagascar came to the ears of a great Missionary Society in England. The Society feared that, in the event of the French occupation of the island, the Roman Catholic religion might be the only form of worship introduced and licensed, which, in their opinion, would be, of course, a much greater misfortune for the inhabitants than the mere fact of their being ruled by an utterly cruel woman, like Queen Ranavola, who plays with human lives and sacrifices them at her pleasure! The Society accordingly formed the notable resolution of opposing Mr. Lambert in every possible way, and immediately despatched a chosen member, a missionary, to Tananariva, to acquaint the queen with Mr. Lambert's design against her.

"To judge from what occurred, as it was reported to me, it would appear that even an English missionary is capable of abandoning truth and sincerity

\* *Ida Pfeiffer's Last Travels*. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. (Routledge.) 8vo, pp. xlv., 338. 6s.

in order to effect a purpose, and, upon occasion, to employ arts of a jesuitical kind.

"In the Mauritius, where the missionary made some stay before proceeding to Madagascar, he ventured to assert that Queen Ranavola had summoned him to Madagascar!

"On his arrival at Tananariva, he took care to impress upon the queen that he had been despatched to her by the English Government for the purpose of assuring her that England desired nothing more than to continue the same friendly relations with her country which had existed in the time of George the Fourth. He further informed the queen of everything that Mr. Lambert had undertaken against her in France and England; represented that gentleman as a very dangerous person, and a spy in the employ of the French Government, and predicted that Mr. Lambert would soon make his appearance, accompanied by a body of French troops, to depose her in favour of her son.

"If even these misrepresentations had been made to effect some noble purpose, they could only have been justified by the very jesuitical axiom that 'the end sanctifies the means.' But the object sought here was to impede, or perhaps altogether to frustrate, a truly Christian and philanthropic work, an undertaking calculated to promote the well-being of the entire nation. A missionary society ought surely to understand the principles of brotherly love better than this, and keep in view the maxims of religion, and especially to remember that they are not to be made subservient to political views.

"The missionary's calling is the most exalted of any; for to few men are vouchsafed the opportunities of doing good that fall to his lot: but the misfortune is, that the majority of missionaries busy themselves more in worldly intrigues than in the amelioration of the human race; and that, instead of inculcating charity, union, and toleration, they excite their followers by their preachings to hate, contemn, and, if possible, to persecute, every sect but their own. I can only refer my readers to what I have written on this subject in my former works, particularly concerning the English and American missionaries.

"So the missionary from England came to Tananariva, bearing the sword instead of the olive-branch. He not only unfolded Mr. Lambert's alarming schemes to the queen, but gave Prince Rakoto a long lecture on the exceeding turpitude of his conduct towards his royal mother in meditating revolt; declaring, moreover, that the English Court had been so shocked by the news as verily to have put on mourning!"

But she is, we think, often rather querulous and unreasonable; she seems to have a good opinion only of those who treated her with high consideration, though she was evidently acquainted sufficiently with human nature all the world over to know that, in nine cases out of ten, high consideration and a slender purse are incompatible. She is, moreover, highly indignant as it appears to us, that the English companies did not always give her passage, board, respect, and champagne, gratis; we cannot but think this a rather unreasonable expectation; it would be a very bad precedent, to say nothing further; the number of travellers on those terms would increase and multiply ruinously. There is, perhaps, a little more ground for complaint in the fact, that though she was elected a member of the Geographical Societies of Berlin and Paris, she should have been told by the Secretary of the Geographical Society in London that "a similar step could not be taken in London, inasmuch as it was expressly forbidden by the statutes to receive a woman as a member." But, perhaps, when that rule was drawn up by the society, the prophetic souls of the members foresaw a day when they would be liable to become spittoons for enlightened but irascible travellers, and were therefore anxious to save a lady from so disagreeable a contingency. We are extremely sorry that in her trip to Madagascar Madame Pfeiffer should have had

so dangerous a companion as a conspirator against the Queen. It may be questionable how far a foreigner may interfere in the politics of a country in which he travels, but it is perfectly clear, that if he organize any conspiracy for the overthrow of the existing ruler, however bloodthirsty and cruel that ruler may be, he cannot complain if his neck be in danger. Governments may protest against the behaviour of governments, but private individuals who in a foreign country secretly prompt sons to the deposition of mothers, overstep, undoubtedly, the boundaries of right.

It is singular that with careful scrutiny—and our eyesight is tolerably good—we cannot find in this book the exact date either of Madame Pfeiffer's or of her husband's death. For the translation, as we have not seen the original, we can only say that it seems to us as good as could be desired.

#### AMERICAN PHRASEOLOGY.\*

It has been observed that the most reliable index to the history and characteristics of a nation is to be found in the study of its language. As the successive strata of a geological formation present to the scientific inquirer the most indisputable evidence of the conditions under which they were severally developed, so the successive phases of national life, thought, and character are to be found impressed with all the vividness of detail, on the terminology of a people. Our own language is especially fertile in illustration of this truth. The story of the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, is not more imperishably chronicled in our local nomenclature, than the usages, ideas, and inner life of mediæval England are recorded in our current phraseology. Owing to the lapse of time and the insufficiency of contemporaneous records, this branch of etymological research has become involved in considerable doubt and difficulty; hence any clue we may gain to the true method to be pursued in the inquiry, will necessarily tend to facilitate in no slight degree the labours of the philologist. The acclimatization of our language on the other side of the Atlantic supplies one very important requisite to this end, inasmuch as it enables us to trace the several steps of the process, by which a number of foreign expressions and peculiarly transatlantic idioms have been so cunningly engrafted on the parent stock, as almost to leave it an open question whether the "*la langue Américaine*" of the late Czar Nicholas might not be justifiable on etymological grounds.

The volume before us professes to be a complete list of the various words and phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States; and although confessedly open to the somewhat paradoxical objections of being both inexhaustive and redundant, contains, nevertheless, a vast fund of piquant anecdote and pertinent illustration that cannot fail to render it both interesting and instructive to the English reader.

The list of transatlantic terms and idioms, as given in Mr. Bartlett's Glossary, admits of three broad subdivisions,—

1. Genuine English words, mostly belonging to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which have either become altogether obsolete in this country, or are only preserved in some of our county dialects.

2. Words derived from other European languages, or from the aboriginal Indian.

\* A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By J. R. Bartlett. (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. London: Trübner, 1860.)

3. Terms and phrases of peculiarly transatlantic origin, the natural growth of a new country.

The preservation of so large a proportion of obsolete English words in their original signification is doubtless traceable in no small degree to the strong conservative element that formed such a prominent feature in the character of the early Puritan and Quaker settlers. These sturdy colonists took a pride in preserving unchanged and unadulterated, in their new homes, the simple habits and dress, as well as the rough idioms, of the old country. We select a few illustrations from Mr. Bartlett's somewhat pretentious collection. The word "ill" still retains in America its original signification of "dangerous," "ugly," &c., e.g. an "ill" coon, an "ill" dog, i.e. an ugly man, a savage dog. To "ride"—the common American phrase for conveyance in a vehicle—is still good vernacular in Yorkshire, and other parts of the north of England—the birthplaces of the early Puritan emigrants. "Socdologer" is nothing more than a quaint involution of "Doxology,"—and hence acquired its accepted signification of a "settler," or conclusive argument. Even the word "guess," which we are in the habit of regarding as the growth of New England, is as genuine a product of British soil as old Penn himself. "A different guess sort of a man" is good Elizabethan English. The word also occurs several times in the writings of Locke, who certainly is the last we could accuse of Yankee colloquialisms. It is employed also by Chaucer in a similar sense, e.g. :—

"Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,  
Behind her back, a yard long, I guess."

Again, in the quaint New England expletives, such as "darned," "tarnation" (a corruption, we presume, of "darnation"), "eternal," "almighty," "everlasting," &c., we have the modern growth of the old Presbyterian aversion to profane oaths.

Mr. Bartlett furnishes us with numerous examples of the existence in their original signification of a class of words which are now either altogether obsolete, or only in vogue as provincialisms on this side of the Atlantic: e.g. "smart" and "sharp" are still used in Yorkshire and other parts of the north of England, in the American acceptance of "quick," "lively," "active," and the word "clever," another favourite Yankee epithet of eulogy, is frequently applied, in this sense, in our midland and eastern counties. Again, the word "deck" still preserves in the "patter" of the London swell-mobsmen, its original meaning of a pack of cards, in which sense it is frequently employed by the lower orders in America. Mr. Bartlett, however, seems to be unaware that the word is a common provincialism in Warwickshire and the midland counties, and even has the high sanction of Shakespeare, in the line

"Slyly fingered the king out from the deck."

A very slight acquaintance with the dialect of our northern counties will suggest numerous parallels to that large class of curiously-formed preterites which have been erroneously supposed to be the genuine growth of the American love for the grotesque. For example, "drive," "druv," "heave," "heft," "sow," "sew" (pronounced *sue*), "dive," "dove,"—this last has become classical, from its adoption by Longfellow,—are plentifully scattered over the pages of the thousand and one imitators of *Sam Slick* ("slick," by the way, is nothing more than the *slick't* or *sleet* of our old poets), but are not the less the legal property of the Yorkshire and Westmoreland peasantry. Did the limits of our space permit, we could multiply



these instances *ad infinitum*; but the above illustrations will be sufficient for our present purpose.

2. The marked predominance of the Anglo-Saxon type over the other European races in the United States, will sufficiently account for the comparatively meagre infusion of any foreign element in the language of the people. Were history, however, a dead letter, we should still be in a position to determine, on etymological evidence alone, the several proportions of the various ingredients which at different periods of the last two centuries have entered into the composition of American nationality. The aboriginal savage, the early Dutch settler, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, and the French Canadian, have successively left traces behind them which even the long reign of the dominant Anglo-Saxon type has not been able wholly to eradicate. And it is here worthy of remark, that, as in the Latin, the Oscan and the Pelagic; and in the English, the Saxon and the Norman, represent respectively the one the domestic and the other the chivalrous element of the language, so, in America, we find the Dutch derivatives almost invariably relate to the pacific and domestic arts; while, on the contrary, terms of French or Spanish extraction belong to the more adventurous pursuits of war or the chase. Thus we have "Boss," master (*Baas*); "speck and applejes," minced pork and apples (*spek en appelen*); "cool slaa" (*kool salade*); and numerous other household phrases, all of which are stamped by the homely and phlegmatic habits of the early Dutch squatter. On the other hand, in such terms as *stampede*, *savannah*, *stockade*, *mustang*, *fillbuster*, *cavallard*, we have a vivid picture of the forest life of the chivalrous conquerors of Mexico; while the adventurous spirit and patient endurance of the half-blood French Canadian is imperishably chronicled in the "trapper" idioms, *voyageur*, *cache*, and a thousand local names.

3. To pass to the third branch of our original classification,—viz. genuine American terms. We shall consider these, for the sake of convenience, under two heads: (1) Words and phrases naturally suggested by the condition of the early settlers and the prominent features of a new country; (2) Nicknames, and other quaint forms of expression—the natural growth of a vigorous but unpolished state of society.

If anything were wanting to prove the strong conservative tendencies of American thought and feeling—the conservatism natural to a young nationality that has no past of its own, and on that account clings with jealous pertinacity to the few remnants of quasi-antiquity to which it can lay any claim—we have abundant evidence in the application to the incidents of everyday life of the rough metaphors and strong idioms coined by the early colonists of New England, in order to express the novel ideas suggested by the peculiarities of the climate, scenery, and general features of his new home. The beautiful and expressive synonym for autumn—"the fall"—recalls a vivid picture of the primitive life of the backwoodsman of the "far west," who read the changes of the season in the varying features of the forest. It must be confessed, however, that terms of this poetical cast are few and far between. The stern necessities of a semi-savage existence unfitted the squatter for the perusal of the brighter pages of the book of nature, and compelled him to resort to a ruder and coarser vocabulary, which his more civilized representative still regards with a feeling akin to national pride. A modern New-Englander does not follow a direct road: he "strikes a bee line." He does not take his departure, but he "makes tracks,"

"pulls up stakes," "absquatulates," or "wakes snakes." Similarly we have the common ejaculation of "Snakes!" as indicative of surprise—a sort of compromise, we presume, between a softened expletive and an intensified interjection—which must be familiar to every reader of the "Sam Slick" class of literature. Such terms as "playing possum," "falling off a log," "up a tree," &c., bear internal evidences of their origin, and require no explanation. Akin to these are many quaint forms of *onomatopœia*, more especially those relating to the sound of falling bodies, such as "kibosh," "whap," "sock," "kelumpus," "kelk" (a good English north-country word, by the way), "kerlosh," &c., which smack unmistakably of the "clearing" and "squatter" life.

Our second division of Yankeeisms proper, viz. nicknames and grotesque and distorted forms of expression, which the author of *Sam Slick* happily characterizes as "the rich gasconade and exaggerative language of the west," is of much more extensive type, and proportionally puzzling to the etymologist. Political nicknames in the United States—if we may still make use of the designation—enjoy a growth and vitality altogether denied to them in the more sober and undemonstrative Old World. "Dough-faces," "Locofocos," "Bucktails," "Plug Uglies," "Dead Rabbits," "Old Hunkers," constitute but a small sample of Mr. Bartlett's curious collection of American party-designations. The formidable dimensions of the vocabulary of national beverages is just what we should have expected from the bold genius of a people who first formed the conception of the intransitive verb, "to liquor," under which head Mr. Bartlett favours us with no less than sixty distinct varieties of the *genus* "potable." Fancy the pleasing state of indecision and bewilderment that must be the lot of the uninitiated stranger who has to select from the *embarras de richesses* of a miscellaneous catalogue, of which the following are but a few items:—"Chain-lightning," "cocktail," "julep," "cobbler," "brandy-smash," "eye-opener," "corpse-reviver," "purlabogus," "Polk and Dallas," "lady's-blush," "pupelo," "clear sheer," "switchell," "moral suasion," "vox populi," and "ne plus ultra." The very enumeration is almost enough to take one's breath away.

We regret that the limits of our space prevent our even touching on the more salient of Mr. Bartlett's collection of whimsical phrases and amusing illustrations of American social life. We are not, generally speaking, apt to rank dictionaries in the category of light and entertaining literature; but we feel confident that the reader who has the moral courage to divest himself of preconceived notions on the subject, and make one trial of this volume, would agree with us in pronouncing Mr. Bartlett's an exception to the rule.

#### CHURCH AND CONVENTUAL ARRANGEMENT.\*

THE title of this book sufficiently indicates its import, which is to afford a portable manual of that large, miscellaneous class of facts, which arose in connection with the churches and monasteries of mediæval Europe. Such a work, by a competent man, addressed to the general, as distinct from the learned public, is a welcome indication of a growing taste for Christian antiquity, and permits a hope that modern illumination may, in time, discover that the ten centuries previous to Luther were not entirely

dark, barbarous, and superstitious. The emancipated intellect of the sixteenth century had to wage such deadly warfare with the living and ignoble representatives of the great departed Catholicism, that it was, excusably enough, unjust to the whole Middle Age period. But the Church of the Borgias and of Leo X. was a very different thing from the Church of Anselm and St. Bernard; the former, one of the most infamous, the latter, one of the most glorious of human institutions. This is becoming daily evident to modern popular comprehension; yet, that much remains still to be done in the same direction, the one instance of Mr. Buckle's views would suffice to prove. The truth is, that morally, if not chronologically, we are much further from the Middle Ages than from the times of classic Greece and Rome; from Lanfranc and a-Beckett than from Julius Cæsar or Pericles. Our minds, early trained to dwell on the grand, perhaps gaudy, magnificence of the old Pagan world, have long lost all taste or sympathy for the quaint, local, sober peculiarities of the Christian centuries.

Into one portion of this bygone time, Mr. Walcott offers to be our guide, and his industry, knowledge, and love for his subject, fully justify him in so doing. The ground covered by his book is enormous—too great, we are apt to think. From Byzantium to Britain, from Spain to Scandinavia, he hurries in hasty strides, giving us plans, descriptions, and details of churches and abbeys. Such an amplitude of outline must mar the completeness of execution in the parts. Yet, in his notes, and still more in his valuable glossary, he has wisely restricted himself to a more narrow field, chiefly England and France,—and the result is, far more richness and precision of information. He divides his book into three parts: the first contains a general glance at the various styles which arose in the countries once subject to Rome; the second, a more particular examination of monastic church arrangement; the third, conventual arrangement, as distinct from the churches. Mr. Walcott's book is one of reference; its merit is the profusion of facts, which cover, even crowd its pages. He seems to grudge almost the necessary words to express his meaning, lest they should fill the place of a date, a fact, or a reference. It would, therefore, not be easy to say that his book is an amusing book; and it is as difficult to give the reader an adequate idea of the style and quality of a work, the excellence of which is only appreciable after long use. The following passage, concerning the curious practice, and significant of so much, viz. the fortification of churches, is a fair specimen:—

"Fortified walls and towers occur at Maubisson, St. Martin des Champs, Argenteuil, Marmoutier, and round the monasteries of Mount Athos and the East. Fortified gates at St. John's Laon, St. Peter's Bourgeil, Tournus, and St. Martin d'Auchy; at Moissac, a double fortified wall divided the monastery from the town. Some churches were fortified like castles; and towers of even parish churches were places of refuge. Those adjoining castles in Northumberland seldom formerly had a tower. Puy, Brionde, and the Abbaye aux Dames, at Caen, were fortified. Froyat and Menat retain provisions for defence; so do Sion and de Valere. Many church towers in Cumberland were fortified.

"Hulne exhibits all the features of a fortified position, and others had on the coast, as at Furness, watch-towers. Battle has a fortified gate. Similar gates remain at St. Alban's, Salisbury, Wells, Worcester, Winchester, Norwich, Lincoln, Canterbury, Peterborough, Rochester, etc. The bishop's palace at Kirkwall had three strong towers. Strong walls still remain at St. Stephen's Caen, and St. Germain Auxerre, and forts defended the abbeys of Montpeytraux and Condat. In the thirteenth and four-

\* Church and Conventual Arrangement. By Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, M.A. (London: Atchley and Co.)

teenth centuries nearly all the French abbeys and cathedrals, as at Alby, Beziers, and Narbonne, were fortified, owing to the continual wars. At Cashel a castle forms the west end of the cathedral. St. Catherine's on Mount Sinai, Holy Cross, Bective, and Crossraguel were fortified. So are Oberwesel and Munster Mayfeld. The towers along the coast of Lucca are fortified. Licence was given to crenellate the towers of Shaftesbury, Kilkenny, Langley Regis, and many other church gates and precincts."

The two most useful portions of the book, viz. the Glossary and Index of Mediæval Geography, we naturally cannot quote, but they are genuine works of prime utility, demanding an amount of labour out of all proportion with the effect produced.

We now proceed to call Mr. Walcott's attention to several errors and blemishes in his otherwise meritorious book. First, the arrangement or method, if it had one or any, we should say was atrocious; but the remark would be as pointless as a complaint of the scantiness of a highlander's trousers. We know of no expression but the vigorous but far from Johnsonian "higgledy-piggledy" that will represent the admired disorder in which Mr. Walcott has tumbled in his facts and remarks. Broad sections are not distinguished from the most subsidiary remarks by any outward sign from printer or author: they are even confounded by the assistance of both. Thus France, Chapels, Ireland, Symbolism, Orientation, St. Gall, Canterbury, are so many headings, alike in type, position, and prominence. This is a serious error in a work whose chief merit should be in the facility it affords for reference.

Again, occasionally Mr. Walcott is guilty of oversights in facts which are a little surprising. At page 137 he says, "Towards the close of the eleventh century Stephen Harding formed the Cistercian rule at Cîteaux, and about the same time Bruno of Cologne established the Carthusian rule at the Chartreux." It is quite true that Cîteaux was founded towards the close of the eleventh century, for it was in A.D. 1098, but it is not so to say that Stephen Harding formed the rule then, nor for twenty years after then. St. Stephen was not Abbot of Cîteaux till A.D. 1109, and the Cistercian Rule, in so far as it differed from or extended the Benedictine, was not formed till A.D. 1118, when the second general chapter was held, and the Charta Caritatis promulgated. Bruno of Cologne founded Chartreux in A.D. 1084. Thus there was a difference of thirty-four years between them, instead of the "same time" having seen the rise of both. At page 72 we read, "Pontigny, c. 1150-70, where Lanfranc, Anselm, and a-Becket took refuge," &c. Considering that Lanfranc died in 1089, and Anselm in 1109, it is difficult to understand how they could have taken refuge at Pontigny, which was not founded till 1114. Anselm in his exile stayed at Rome, Cluni, and the Nunnery of Marcigny, which it is possible Mr. Walcott has confounded with Pontigny. At page 61 we have a reference to the tenth vol. of Milman's *Latin Christianity*. Again, page 72, we are told, "the characteristics of the churches of the Cistercians, like the Clugnians, . . . is an extreme simplicity of outline." Now of the mere outline we will not dispute with Mr. Walcott, but it is surely helping to mislead an uninformed reader to allow him to think that the opulent, magnificent, almost luxurious Cluni approached in simplicity the austere, almost puritanic simplicity of Cîteaux. Does not Mr. Walcott remember St. Bernard's vehement invective against the sumptuous grandeur of the Cluniac churches? With what indignation he treats

the "Oratorum immensas altitudines, immoderatas longitudines, supervacuas latitudines, sumptuosas depolitiones," and concludes with a question which would be quite delightful to modern advocates for cheap churches: "Pro Deo! si non pudet ineptiarum, cur vel non piget expensarum?"

These minor defects in Mr. Walcott's book induce us to think that less scope and greater fullness, a smaller compass with more attention to special points, should be ideas prominently in his mind when he prepares a second edition.

#### HELP OF WOMEN IN ENGLISH PARISHES.\*

THOUGH we have always been profound believers in the creed that "one man was as good as another, if not better," we spurn with cold contempt the parody of this Hibernian dictum invented by a bilious misogynist, who remarked when suffering from dyspepsia, that "one woman was as bad as another, if not worse." We have a heartfelt belief in the intellectual and moral capabilities of woman—in the possibility of her having a mission, and being often actuated by an ardent and unselfish resolve to carry it out. These sound and amiable views we appear to share in common—and we rejoice to be supported by so great an authority—with the author of the article in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled "Deaconesses," who has now put forth a lucubration not stamped with the imprimatur of the *censura Trimestris*, but in consequence of its inherent and intrinsic value, not needing any such mark of authority. The writer has evidently a sound and practical knowledge of his subject; and at a time when pamphlets are invariably a drug in the English market, it is refreshing to find one so sensible, modest, and well-reasoned as that before us.

A want, the author tells us, is sorely felt in our ecclesiastical system. In the earliest days of the Church, female aid was brought to bear on the work of the conversion of the heathen, and in ministering to the wants of those who were of the household of faith. This was the case in the apostolic days, and in those which immediately succeeded them. "There is no doubt," says the author, "that deaconesses, or female deacons, did exist in primitive times, side by side with those deacons of the other sex, who ministered in subordination to the regularly ordained clergy. And the very circumstances of the decay of this female diaconate are such as to furnish an argument for its restoration in the same, or a modified form, if, as seems most probable, it gave way before the growth of sacerdotal jealousy, and was extinguished or absorbed by the strictly-constituted religious orders." Now it may be interesting to discover this, but it is really unnecessary to establish it in order to demonstrate the good that may be achieved by encouraging women to educate and train themselves, or, rather, be educated and trained, for the purpose of giving help to their fellow-creatures in things temporal and spiritual. The last census proves the great extent to which at present, especially in London and our large cities, women outnumber men. Everywhere do we meet with declarations to the effect that women are, as it were, in a state of mental stagnation; that they want employment, and cannot find it or invent it; that their great talents are not turned to the right account; that man not only jealously and selfishly clings to the avocations peculiarly suited to him, but arbitrarily usurps

those for which women were by nature evidently intended. They are driven from shop and warehouse by the effeminate beings in white ties; and if they attempt to enter the printing office, there is a masculine but cowardly uproar, to the effect that they are invading the province of the lords of creation, and that instead of earning an honest livelihood by an employment which would give them an ample remuneration, they should work their fingers to the bone in stitching slop-work for Jew tailors, or stay at home to

"Suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

In the kind of work which the writer of this pamphlet suggests, there is "a distinct field of female employment." They need not necessarily clash with the interests of their lords and masters. As nurses, for instance, it would be difficult to argue that men would excel, or equal women; and we all know the many and various opportunities one who acts in that capacity has, of incidentally inculcating sound truth and wholesome teachings. She can minister to the mind diseased, as well as to the disordered frame. Again, what influences for good women can exercise over the families of the poor! Female visitors can enter a household at times when men would be anything but welcome. In the mission, too, of woman to man, how much good may be effected! Words in season may be whispered in a gentle voice to many a man, who might resent as an intrusion the visit of a clergyman, or teacher of his own sex. Here again is another most useful and appropriate field for female agency; but let the author describe it in his own words:—

"Another branch of strictly feminine work, not always so distinctly perceived as the other, but hardly less important, is connected with the watching over girls of the poorer ranks at the most critical and dangerous period of their lives, viz. when they are just going to service or just gone to service. From this source are recruited two very different classes of society,—on the one hand, the most criminal and miserable, the most destructive of all that is involved in the word Home,—on the other hand, one of the most useful of all classes, one that can contribute to an untold extent towards the happiness of the higher ranks; and the results will greatly depend on the feminine influence which has been exerted at the point where the two paths diverge. Nor is this view limited to the case of those who are destined for domestic service. Female agency may surely be of the utmost value to the clergyman, in regard to the majority of those girls among the poor, who are just confirmed or preparing for confirmation. Here it is that the Protestant Deaconesses of the Continent find one of their most useful spheres of labour. In addition to this general reference to parochial experience, it is enough here to mention our workhouses, to indicate perhaps the greatest of all opportunities for feminine tact and perseverance on behalf of girls or young women."

With women, also, who have fallen, it is found that there is no such means of reformation as the tender sympathy and earnest eloquence of those of their own sex. "The lowest and most degraded are only to be rescued by the purest and most devoted of their sex." With discharged female prisoners the case is similar. The Deaconess Institutions of Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, and of Paris, were founded mainly for the purpose of effecting this benevolent object. In the homes, too, of the poor, by district visiting, pious and devoted women might act, under the guidance and superintendence of the clergy, with great results for good. It would be a kind of intermediate machinery, the want of which is deeply felt and which it is especially difficult to supply. At the present moment there is, it appears, a great difficulty in obtaining curates. Young men are, for various reasons, reluctant to enter the ministry,

\* *Help of Women in English Parishes*. By the Writer of the article "Deaconesses," in *Quarterly Review*. 1s. (Murray.)



Many are more conscientious in this matter, than people used to be. It is felt, and very properly felt, a somewhat awful thing to incur the responsibility of putting the hand to the plough and feeling even the desire to look back. Some are kept back from motives of a sordid kind. Advancement without interest—to the scandal of the Church be it spoken—is next thing to impossible; and it is not so in other professions, where talent and energy combined will make their way. Hence, with this deficit in the world of parsondom, there is a want that can well be filled up by philanthropic women. The self-denying exertions—the depth of sympathy—the earnestness of persuasion of which woman's nature is capable, pre-eminently fits them for such tasks as tending the sick and teaching the ignorant.

## MEDIEVAL LONDON.\*

A WISE man said that it was not well to commend the past to the disparagement of the present. The most ardent mediævalist will be shaken in his faith in the "good old times" if he will but take the pains to read the contemporary writers of any period which he may select as his "golden age." We do not remember to have lighted on any volume which gives a more graphic, life-like, and veracious description of the manners and customs of our fathers than that which now lies before us; and those who know from bitter experience the painful labour of deciphering old manuscripts, will feel a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Riley, who has rendered the *Liber Custumarum*, preserved in the Record Room of Guildhall, and its kindred volume in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, into a portly book, readable in nineteenth-century print, with an ample margin, side notes, and broad spacing between the lines, most luxurious and agreeable to the eyes. The compilation was made in the latter part of the reign of Edward II., but received additions down to that of Henry V.; and from its multifarious contents we can collect a faithful and most interesting sketch of London as it appeared in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as the volume embraces Fitzstephen's celebrated description of the great city in his own time.

The title of Baron was still applied to the aldermen, but was gradually falling into desuetude. Castles, gates, and walls enclosed or defended the city, whose wealthier inhabitants had suburban houses each in its pleasant garden; meadows, pastures, corn-fields, and a forest full of deer, wild boars, and oxen, stretched away northward; Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's Well were veritable springs round which the schoolboys clustered on hot summer evenings, coming from the great public seminaries of St. Paul's, St. Martin's, and Trinity Church. On Saturday Smithfield was occupied as a market for horses, a very Tattersall's, for "baron, earl, knight, and burgher very many" attended it. After dinner the young men played at ball; held cock-fighting at Shrovetide; engaged in mimic tournaments with blunted lances during Lent; and at Easter played quinton on the Thames. Athletic games in summer, baiting boars, bulls, bears, and dogs in winter, or sliding and skating when there was ice, alternating with an occasional miracle-play or a hawking expedition, formed the amusements of the town, where, however, drinking or something worse,

and constant fires, were the bane of the place. One of these fires, in 1212, burned down a considerable part of the city and of Southwark, close to London Bridge, with a loss of a thousand human lives. The orders for rebuilding the streets afford a curious insight into the building materials then in use, and the localities chosen by various trades. The new houses were in future to be covered with tile, shingles, boards, or lead, in place of having roofs of such inflammable nature as reeds, straw, and rushes. The accommodation in all cookshops was to be limited to a room on the ground-floor and an upper chamber, as they had become hostels and lodging-houses, and only ceased to retain this character in the fourteenth century, when freemen only, and foreigners on no account, were permitted to be "harbourners." Wood was the prescribed fuel for ovens and brewhouses, which were not to be used at night. A plentiful employment of whitewash and plastering was enjoined on sanitary grounds, and a mild recommendation made that before every house a stone jar or tub, full of water, should be placed as a precaution in case of fire. Threepence a day with food, and fourpence-halfpenny without table, formed the pay of master carpenters, masons, and tilers. There was no possibility of a strike, for an English workman who did not abide by these ordinances forfeited land, house, and chattel; and the "strange workman" was to be forthwith arrested if he demurred at the scale of wages, which all employers were solemnly enjoined not to raise. Once a year a wine-fleet arrived, freighted by the merchants of Lorraine, and anchored off Queenhithe, while the sailors sang their *Kirieli*, or song of joy. During two ebbs and a flood, the Sheriff and King's Chamberlain inspected their wares, and chose for the palace in Westminster the finest jewels, tapestries from Constantinople, and massive plate of gold or silver. During forty days the foreigners might remain for purposes of trade, being wisely restricted, on the first night after their arrival, to trade only within a limited district; so that a portion of the English gold paid to them might return to its original owner or his neighbour. Woolfells, lambskins, fresh leather, and unwrought wool, were forbidden exports; and the poor Lorrainer was allowed to victual his ship with only three live pigs on pain of punishment before the Court of Hustings. However, the Danes, the Norwegians, and the merchants of Almaine were allowed great liberty and considerable privileges, although a wholesale trade only was permitted to them. To beguile their time, the foreigners established a musical society, known as the *Pue*, and boasting a yearly-elected prince, who wore a crown of gold, with an annual feast without guests, after a grand procession on horseback, and succeeded by a dreary dance, to which no ladies were admitted; for, said the deceitful wisecracks, "we ought to cherish all ladies as much in their absence as in their presence."

Every craft had its own district: there were grocers or pepperers in Soper's Lane; poulterers in the Poultry; saddlers near St. Martin's-le-Grand; and lorimers, makers of horse furniture and bits, in Cripplegate; but this did not prevent them from engaging in deadly battles on the common field of Cheap. Weavers preferred Candlewick, now corrupted to Cannon Street; and cappers, Fleet Street; dicers and gamblers frequented the parish of St. Nicholas Flesh Shambles. Fitzwalter of Dunmow, to whom has been attributed the institution of the celebrated fitch, was castellan and chief bannerer of London, and in time of war, attended by nineteen other knights, he rode to the great

or north gate of St. Paul's Cathedral, where the mayor, the aldermen and sheriffs, all arrayed in arms, met him, carrying the crimson banner of the Saint, which they presented to him, with the pleasant accompaniment of a valuable charger, splendidly caparisoned; although he only received "a hundred shillings for his trouble, and no more," if he led the host of London to a siege of town or castle. His other prerogative was of a less pleasing nature; it was his duty to sentence a traitor, taken within his jurisdiction, to drowning; and the offender was bound to a pillar in the Thames, near Wood Wharf, and left there during two floods and two ebbs of the tide. The brave citizens had two parade grounds at the east and west ends of St. Paul's Cathedral, near the famous Bell Tower given by King Henry VIII. to his favourite, which served him only as a wager for a new cast with the dice. At night the yard was the haunt of thieves, robbers, and loose characters, until, in 1285, the King allowed the Dean and chapter to surround the close and precinct with a stone wall. Bridges and jetties, wharves separated by water gates, and narrow lanes, filled up the space between the Tower and Blackfriars. Latrines rendered these filthy lanes intolerable, and, as now, the Thames was made a common sewer, and a receptacle for dust and refuse. Oystergate, near the north side of the present London Bridge, was the fish market; on the site of Fishmongers' Hall the sellers of rushes, then used in place of carpets for rooms, plied their trade; and laundresses washed clothes in the river at Timlett Hythe. Some of the quays, however, were fenced with high walls; and a few tower-elles, the Canons' brewhouse on Benet's Hill, and a water-mill at the entrance of the Fleet, diversified the otherwise monotonous range of wharves, low buildings, cow-houses, pigsties, and shattered shops which lay between that river and the city walls; while the Wall-brook, running down through Finsbury Moor and under the London Wall, was an open stream, sufficiently important to require a bridge to span it.

One of the most interesting incidents described in the volume is that of an Eyre or a Circuit of Justiciars—an event unprecedented for nearly half a century—held in London. The alarm of the citizens for fear of new fines and amercements; their engagement of lawyers, sparing no expense, and their patching up of broken friendships for the emergency; the gratuitous breakfast offered by the Wards to the Judges, the tribulation of the citizens, and the debate on the abolition of the nightly markets of the fripperyers or old clothesmen, are all amusingly passed before us; while we cannot but confess the sentence just, which removed John de Crombelle, Constable of the Tower, from his office, "because he had neglected the dwelling-places in the Tower, and the rain had come in upon the bed of the Queen of England."

We have left ourselves no space to do more than notice the fact that charters, proclamations, claims at a coronation, regulations of courts, and such weightier matters are contained in these volumes, on which the editor has bestowed much time and toil. His careful introduction, excellent glossary, and complete analysis of contents betoken as much; and the reader will find that no obscure or difficult point has escaped the attention of Mr. Riley, even where, as is rarely the case, he has failed to elucidate it.

\* *Liber Custumarum*. Edited by H. T. Riley, M.A. 2 vols. (Longmans.)

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.\*

It has been our cherished literary creed for many years, that Charles Dickens was by far the greatest of contemporaneous humourists. We have heard illogical folk talk in a foolish and despondent tone, however loyal their general belief in his powers, when a single number of a long periodical work was not as fresh as *Pickwick*, as exciting as *Oliver Twist*, as bitterly sarcastic as portions of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, or as artistic and finished as the whole story of *David Copperfield*. The theory of such mistaken people must be that a writer necessarily goes on improving; that when he gains the experience and calmness of maturity he is still to exhibit, even in a larger degree, the buoyancy, the recklessness, and the rollicking jollity of youth. The humours of one lustre are not to desert him as he advances into another. Such a view is contrary to the rules laid down by Aristotle, and versified by Horace, but it is one nevertheless confidently held by many exigent persons, who demand the same completeness and perfection in their favourite author which they do in their wives and children. They are sometimes doomed to the same disappointment in the world of letters which so frequently awaits them in domestic life. But on this occasion the most rapt idolaters of the genius of Mr. Dickens, however sanguine their "great expectations," will suffer from no sensation of shortcoming or deficiency. The story which has so long delighted and tantalized thousands by the tiny instalments of it, given week after week, in the pages of a popular periodical, is, by an eccentric bibliopolic arrangement, presented to us in three volumes, before it has come to its conclusion in *All the Year Round*. The book is quite worthy of the great reputation of its author. It has been frequently said, during the progress of the story, that it excelled any previous production of the same pen. Our admiration does not carry us so far. There are certainly merits in the book, which remind us of the best parts of all his other works; and it has also peculiar beauties of its own. But would it not be blasphemy against *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*, and the pathetic story of poor little Paul Dombey and *The Chimes*, to set up this last utterance in confident contrast to them? or against *Nicholas Nickleby*, which the late Lord Chancellor Campbell, by no means a man of enthusiastic temperament, said he would rather have written than been Lord Chief Justice of England? Mankind are very prone to make comparisons; and when they have done comparing an artist or author with other artists and authors, they begin to compare him with himself. Mr. Dickens, however, need be in no tremor for his fame, however severe the ordeal of criticism to which *Great Expectations* is subjected. It is, in many respects, one of the most original, imaginative, and romantic stories that he has ever written, and in point of sustained effort and charm of style, it is unequalled. Many of our readers who have enjoyed it week by week will readily endorse this statement; but it richly merits reproof, which will display the charm of continuity, so marred by reading it piecemeal, and will confirm the reader in the idea which he must have formed of the matchless terseness, propriety, and neatness of all the descriptive parts.

This work, in its materials, form, and manner, is an agreeable surprise after the *Tale of Two Cities*. The attempt there was more ambitious, and the result by no means so successful. There was without doubt marvellous power exhibited

\* *Great Expectations*. By Charles Dickens. Three Vols. (Chapman and Hall.)

in that romance, but it was uneven, spasmodic, and wild. There was, according to the author's own admission, no attempt to "add to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book;" but we have our doubts whether such grim philosophy as is to be found in the magnificent historical rhapsody of Mr. Carlyle, was rightly understood or expounded by Mr. Dickens. In the work before us there are no such adventurous flights. The incidents of the story are laid on English ground, among scenes familiar to many of us. Some of the *dramatis personæ* are people in the humblest walk of life, and there is a hearty, manly, national tone pervading it which, without debarring it from cosmopolitan admiration, will make it especially welcome in many an English home.

To those who shut their eyes to the romance of life, and to the truth which is stranger than fiction, the groundwork of the plot of this story will appear improbable, and many of the characters exaggerated. But surely the flight of an imaginative writer is not to be bounded by the dullness and incredulity of some of his readers. Some men may travel from Dan to Beersheba and see nothing: they do not observe character or court adventure, and life therefore becomes a dull level turnpike-road, with a high hedge on either side and no view beyond it. It is fearful to think how life, with all its elements of the Divine and the Supernatural, its passion and its suffering, the unfathomable past that precedes it, and the still more inscrutable future that lies beyond it, can be turned by some soulless conventional worldlings into a narrow round of stupid and crushing routine. We can easily fancy such shaking their heads with solemn scepticism at the writings of an author like Dickens, and believing that because they have not themselves the acumen to detect, or the wit to describe, angularities or eccentricities of character, that therefore every man, despite the extraordinary circumstances by which he may be surrounded, or influences the most peculiar and the most effective, must be a dull ordinary dog, like their friends Brown, or Jones, or Robinson. It is the duty of a poet—and we must regard a great writer of works of fiction as a poet—to produce characters which are typical of a class, and in which are centred the humours and peculiarities of many men. Such a character is ideal, but not unnatural. There have been doubtless many "boots" at hotels, who have been wags in their way, and good honest fellows too; but Sam Weller represents the concentrated essence of facetiousness and fidelity in his station of life. So, in the work before us, Joe Gargery is an almost perfect character, and is a blacksmith,—and there are very probably few men in the same position who have a tithe of his virtues—but the character is perfectly probable and natural. Surely, to portray such a character as that of Joe, is, as a work of art, a higher effort, and in its moral effects on the reader, more beneficial, than the most accurate photograph of a human being dreadfully true to nature, because mean or dull, or selfish, or cowardly. To draw characters of good men as they ought to be, rather than as they are—this should be the aim of the writer who wishes to improve as well as instruct. Exaggeration, on the other side, is undoubtedly an error. Human vices and weaknesses are so common, that their exact copy is all that is required; and, as few men are utterly and totally bad, it is a blunder, morally and æsthetically, to draw monsters in the human form. A writer who is not a confirmed misanthropist, will allow some small leaven of good to mingle with the bad elements in human character. Mr. Dickens's good characters are very good, and his wicked

characters are not very wicked—and this cannot be imputed to him as a fault.

We shall not destroy the pleasure of those who have not already read *Great Expectations* by sketching the plot, especially when a revelation of the incidents of the *dénouement* might ruin the intellectual comfort of those who have yet to finish the story in Mr. Dickens's magazine. We shall confine ourselves to offering some comments upon the characters and incidents. The best drawn, most interesting, and lovable character is that of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith. No one can seriously contemplate such a portrait without thinking better of human nature, and gaining some moral elevation himself. The whole notion of the man is a noble conception. There is nothing hard, fanatical, or arrogant about him, as there so frequently is in those among the poor and uneducated who have shining virtues, but some unamiable weaknesses. Joe is humility itself, without any profession of it; when he laments his dullness he does so in perfect sincerity. He is a hen-pecked husband, and yet full of manly courage where there is a proper sphere for its exercise. He lets his wife go "on the rampage;" but, from a sense of duty, he stands up to his huge and sulky foreman, Orlick, and drubs him with the coolness of a professed pugilist. His conduct to Pip throughout, from the time of Pip's childhood, when they bit pieces out of their slices of bread and butter—a peculiar kind of friendly rivalry to which they were much addicted—to the time when Joe nurses Pip through his long illness, and pays out the bailiffs who had come to arrest him, endears him to the reader to such a degree that we are disposed to think that he is destined to be one of the most popular characters in English fiction. Pip is made to describe him very happily when he says, "Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman. I have often thought him since like the steam-hammer, that can crush a man or pat an egg-shell, in his combination of strength with gentleness."

Pip, the hero of the story, is made to tell his own adventures; and the truthfulness and reality of the narrative, especially in those passages which describe the feelings of childhood, have never been surpassed. The timidity and sensitiveness, the disposition to be ambitious, restless, and discontented, the moment children are brought into contact with their social superiors, are all drawn with a master hand. To any croakers who have been sagaciously declaring that Dickens has lost his humour and the freshness of his earlier writings, we suggest a perusal of the following account of the fight between Pip and his subsequent friend, Herbert Pocket. The extract is a long one, but our readers will thank us for it. Pip is at Satis House, the residence of Miss Havisham, and he is relegated for a time to the garden, to eat his dinner and stroll about the place:—

"When I had exhausted the garden, and a greenhouse with nothing in it but a fallen-down grapevine and some bottles, I found myself in the dismal corner upon which I had looked out of window. Never questioning for a moment that the house was now empty, I looked in at another window, and found myself, to my great surprise, exchanging a broad stare with a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and light hair.

"This pale young gentleman quickly disappeared, and reappeared beside me. He had been at his books when I had found myself staring at him, and I now saw that he was inky."

"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!"  
"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!"  
"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!"  
"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!"  
"Who let you in?" said he.



"Miss Estella."

"Who gave you leave to prowl about?"

"Miss Estella."

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

"What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since: but, what else could I do? His manner was so final and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

"The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him and was going to hit out again, when he said, 'Aha! Would you?' and began dancing backwards and forwards in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here, he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here, he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here, he dodged backwards and forwards, and did all sorts of things while I looked helplessly at him.

"I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but, I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore, I followed him without a word, to a retired nook of the garden, formed by the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying Yes, he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. 'Available for both,' he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and bloodthirsty.

"Although he did not look very healthy—having pimples on his face, and a breaking out at his mouth—these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age, but he was much taller, and he had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, he was a young gentleman in a grey suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels, considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

"My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eyeing my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life, as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly foreshortened.

"But, he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

"His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but, he would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but, he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs, he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was; but finally went on his knees to his sponge and threw

it up: at the same time panting out, 'That means you have won.'

The two most abnormal and mysterious characters in the book, are the convict Magwitch, *alias* Provis, and Miss Havisham. There is something almost beyond the usual grotesqueness and intense originality of the author in the creation of the latter character. That a woman crossed in love should have her whole existence blighted and embittered, is no novelty in romances or in actual life. But the melancholy madness which induced this lady to live apart from intercourse with her fellow creatures, amid the tatters and rags and ruins of the splendid preparations of her proposed wedding-day, has something horribly weird and wild in it. What a picture is presented to us by a woman sitting in a spacious room, lighted with wax candles, and from which every gleam of daylight was carefully excluded, dressed in faded silks and satins decked with lace, a long white veil hanging from her hair, and jewels sparkling on her neck and on her hands; dresses and gloves, and withered flowers, and trinkets strewn about in strange confusion; and the clocks all stopped at twenty minutes to nine—the moment at which, on what was to have been her wedding morning, she received the letter of her faithless lover. There is something that borders upon exaggeration in the delight with which she trains her adopted child or *protégé*, Estella, to flirt with the boy Pip, make him fall in love with her, and then treat him with caprice and cruelty. The reader feels, however, from the account given of her, that her sufferings have been so great, that her thirst for revenge and the vagaries of her malice must be great also. The conception of the character of the convict Magwitch is almost as *bizarre* and extravagant as that of Miss Havisham, but his whole conduct and career are made natural and probable by the wonderful power with which they are described. Like Byron's Conrad the Corsair, Magwitch has "one virtue and a thousand crimes." His gratitude to Pip for conveying food to him when he was starving in the marshes, and for bringing him a file with which to aid his escape, and the intense affection which he feels for his young friend ever after, is the bright ray which illumines the gloom and misery and black wickedness of a desperate convict's life. The serious portions of the book are good, but it is perhaps in the lighter passages that Mr. Dickens has especially excelled. The account, for instance, of the entertainment placed before Estella and Pip when he went to meet her at the hotel where the coach stopped, is in the same style as some of the best descriptive passages in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, which were so generally admired:—

"I rang for the tea, and the waiter, reappearing with his magic clue, brought in by degrees some fifty adjuncts to that refreshment, but of tea not a glimpse. A teaboard, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks (including carvers), spoons (various), salt-cellars, a meek little muffin confined with the utmost precaution under a strong iron cover, Moses in the bullrushes typified by a soft bit of butter in a quantity of parsley, a pale loaf with a powdered head, two proof impressions of the bars of the kitchen fireplace on triangular bits of bread, and ultimately a fat family urn: which the waiter staggered in with, expressing in his countenance burden and suffering. After a prolonged absence at this stage of the entertainment, he at length came back with a casket of precious appearance containing twigs. These I steeped in hot water, and so from the whole of these appliances extracted one cup of I don't know what, for Estella.

"The bill paid, and the waiter remembered, and the ostler not forgotten, and the chambermaid taken into consideration—in a word, the whole house bribed

into a state of contempt and animosity, and Estella's purse much lightened—we got into our post-coach and drove away."

The account of Miss Skiffins, the innamorata of Wemmick, the confidential clerk of the lawyer Jaggers, is in the very best style.

"Miss Skiffins was of a wooden appearance, and was, like her escort, in the post-office branch of the service. She might have been some two or three years younger than Wemmick, and I judged her to stand possessed of portable property. The cut of her dress from the waist upward, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite; and I might have pronounced her gown a little too decidedly orange, and her gloves a little too intensely green. But she seemed to be a good sort of fellow, and showed a high regard for the Aged. I was not long in discovering that she was a frequent visitor at the Castle; for, on our going in, and my complimenting Wemmick on his ingenious contrivance for announcing himself to the Aged, he begged me to give my attention for a moment to the other side of the chimney, and disappeared. Presently another click came, and another little door tumbled open with 'Miss Skiffins' on it; then Miss Skiffins shut up and John tumbled open; then Miss Skiffins and John both tumbled open together, and finally shut up together. On Wemmick's return from working these mechanical appliances, I expressed the great admiration with which I regarded them, and he said, 'Well, you know, they're both pleasant and useful to the Aged. And by George, sir, it's a thing worth mentioning, that of all the people who come to this gate, the secret of those pulls is only known to the Aged, Miss Skiffins, and me!'

"And Mr. Wemmick made them," added Miss Skiffins, 'with his own hands out of his own head.'

"While Miss Skiffins was taking off her bonnet (she retained her green gloves during the evening as an outward and visible sign that there was company), Wemmick invited me to take a walk with him round the property, and see how the island looked in winter-time. Thinking that he did this to give me an opportunity of taking his Walworth sentiments, I seized the opportunity as soon as we were out of the Castle."

So many of our readers must have recently from week to week been poring over the pages of *All the Year Round* in the enjoyment of this story, that we forbear from further quotation.

The book, to sum up its merits, is a very remarkable one, and will add to the great reputation of its author. The *dramatis personae* are very numerous, and yet the thread of the story is so well and distinctly woven through it all, that every character is made subservient to the main interest, and we have nothing like episode throughout. We have no monstrosities as in *Bleak House*, and very little of that kind of very domestic humour and small wit into which Mr. Dickens sometimes degenerates, and which occasionally mars the pages of *Little Dorrit* with an appearance of silliness. He has written no book which contains more that is interesting to the reader; and if we miss the pungent satire with which he has sometimes assailed political abuses or social injustice, the work is all the more artistic for not being devoted to any one special serious purpose, and its indirect and incidental moral teaching is of the highest and truest kind.

#### SORES OF CHANCERY.\*

A DAY or two before the death of the late Chancellor, this pamphlet, dedicated to that noble and learned lord, made its appearance. The author, a solicitor, has not followed the

\* *The Sores of Chancery laid Bare: Causes of Delay, of unnecessary Expense, and of Failures of Justice pointed out; together with a Practical Plan of Chancery Reform.* Dedicated to the late Right Hon. Lord Campbell. By D. P. Hindley, Solicitor. 1s. (Effingham Wilson.)

usual practice of presenting his views to the public at a time of special excitement, arising out of any notorious instance of abuse in the Court of Chancery, but, wisely, as we think, claims the dispassionate attention of reformers during a repose of feeling, upon the subject of the costly and complicated machinery of our Equity tribunals. Some years have now elapsed since the community was aroused by the graphic narrative of *Bleak House*, which, with almost literal truth we fear, reproached the Chancery Court with having its ruined suitor in every churchyard; and although much has since been accomplished in the way of reform, to the advantage of litigants, it cannot be doubted that there still survives, under the shadow of Lincoln's Inn, a gigantic system of expense and delay requiring speedy and extensive amendment. The author, who seems to be experienced in Chancery procedure, but who, within the brief limits of his pamphlet, has dealt with some only of the many evils incident to the practice of the Courts of Equity, has evolved his theory of reform out of a comparison instituted between the Courts of Chancery and the Courts of Common Law; and although he has not defined so practical a plan of reform as his title-page might lead us to expect, we believe he has outlined the principles of such an alteration in Chancery procedure, as would, if carefully worked out, effect a most important saving of time and money in the administration of justice.

Starting with the avowal that our constitution is "blessed"—a form of expression susceptible of two interpretations, but, doubtless, employed eulogistically,—he alludes to the aversion of Englishmen to meddle with ancient institutions, except when the march of events has rendered a change absolutely necessary; and upon this topic has occupied some five or six pages, which, though well conceived, might have been devoted to the details of his subject; for who stays to doubt that Chancery, as one of our "institutions," is in real need of emendation?

"The pleadings," he says, "in a Chancery suit, are as follow:—There is first a Bill of Complaint, which is a minute history of the transaction, according to the plaintiff's version; it contains an account of every fact bearing upon the case, even to conversations and letters, including the admissions of defendant, however casual, and an outline of the arguments to be relied on." The author then proceeds to explain that no facts not in this bill can be brought forward by the plaintiff in subsequent stages of the suit, and hence a practice has arisen of plaintiff amending his bill, after defendant has, in his answer, stated his version; and that, therefore, plaintiff is not bound by the case he first presented, if he deems amendment necessary after seeing defendant's answer. Then, it appears, follow very lengthy interrogatories on each averment in the bill; and this chop-and-change of case on both sides continues until, after a weary round of alterations and interlineations, some issue is arrived at for decision. Decision? When does decision take place? Says the author (p. 23), "The trial commences on the day when the pleadings are terminated, when the parties are at issue, and continues for a period varying from fourteen weeks to an almost indefinite time. The solicitor frames affidavits, using just so much of the evidence as he chooses, and that in language best suited to assist his client's case. It is found that ten weeks is the shortest time within which it is prudent to enact that these affidavits shall be prepared."

Again: "After the affidavit of any witness is filed, the opposite party has one month within which he may summon the witness be-

fore an officer of the court" for cross-examination. This examination, it appears, "takes place before an examiner in a private room," who does nothing but write it down in the form of a narrative, and "there is no confronting of hostile witnesses in the presence of a jury, or even a judge." The author shows, further, the delay and expense of appeal from decisions of subordinate functionaries of the court, either to the full court or at chambers, and points out that, unlike the practice at common law, arguments on such appeals by counsel on both sides can only be in full court, and not at chambers, and at an average expense of thirty, and, possibly, hundreds of pounds. Under the head of "Default," another evil is pointed out, viz. that, if a defendant *refuse* to answer a plaintiff's questions, he is not, as he ought to be, taken to admit, but must, so as to be brought to his senses, be arrested for his contempt of the court; and after several "dilatatory processes of pressure, at any stage of which the defendant can put himself right with the court by putting in his answer, and paying almost nominal costs for his contumacy," the court may order that he be held to admit, and then proceed to hear the arguments. Our limits forbid further extracts, but such are some of the prominent mischiefs of Chancery procedure. In our common law courts, a few days complete the pleadings, and evolve the issue; and a few more, with rare exceptions, bring plaintiff and defendant to the scrutiny of trial by jury, which the author of this pamphlet insists is the chief remedy for the evils of the sister branch of our jurisprudence.

There are, it is admitted, multifarious matters in Chancery with which a jury could not deal; but for these a form of arbitration and judgment might be devised, and indeed is typified in the common law system of reference to the Masters of the Courts. The great scar upon the Chancery régime seems to be the *taking of the evidence in suits by affidavits*, instead of, as at Nisi Prius, by public examination in the witness-box, where the value of evidence is tested by the experience and impartiality of jury and judge, the trained acuteness of the bar, and the demeanour of witnesses. Without these conditions it may well be feared that truth, which "lies in a well," is rarely brought in purity to the surface; whilst falsehood lurks in the thousand folios of written matter leisurely and warily arranged, to accomplish the desired result, apart from the solemn safeguards and obligations of a public ordeal.

By recent legislative enactments an important step was gained in the right direction, but only a step. We allude to the power conferred upon suitors in courts of common law to avail themselves there of matters of claim or defence which theretofore were only cognizable in equity. This concession let in the light, and we believe we express the opinion of those who have looked into this subject, when we say that the powers of discovery and injunction, as well as of equitable defences, given to courts of law by the Common Law Procedure Acts of 1852 and 1854, might, if liberally used in the spirit, and not merely according to the letter, of the statutes, demonstrate that elasticity and adaptability for the right conclusion of litigation as to all parties, reside as essentially in the Courts of Common Law as in the Court of Chancery; that, in short, law can be made, what in fact it is and must be, when administered without restraint upon its jurisdiction and forms, equity in the fullest sense. If so, why is there not a more complete fusion of jurisdiction, or, in other words, why should that be done partly at

Westminster and partly at Lincoln's Inn, which might be done as well at either Lincoln's Inn or Westminster? Such a state of administrative power ought to exist in England as would enable the people to obtain justice through the simplest forms, and at the smallest expense, instead of, as is now too often the case, being circumvented by the thousand rules which obscure the truth, retard the attainment of justice, and not rarely lead to the permanent impoverishment of suitors.

Assimilation, then, to common law procedure is the reform substantially advocated by the author of this pamphlet. He remarks, in a slight vein of satire upon the cloth, that the first equity judges—back in the unlettered days—were ecclesiastics "who had no power to summon juries; they planted the first slip awry, and it has never grown straight." He asks that the public demand the reform to which they are entitled, but admits that to lawyers alone can they look for the required revision. As he suggests, however, lawyers in large practice have no time on their hands; but we indulge the hope that a Commission may soon be constituted, as able and earnest in its purpose, and as industriously worked, as was the one that led to the salutary provisions of the Common Law Procedure Acts a few years ago.

It is due to the author to say that he has rendered good service in exposing several abuses which the most conservative would be glad to see swept away. We trust that, under the guidance of the accomplished lawyer and law-reformer who now holds the Great Seals, the era of reform will speedily be inaugurated, and our jurisprudence, so excellent in principle, and so well expounded by a learned Bench and Bar, become free from those black spots of procedure, against which the appeals of suitors, and the protests of writers, have been hitherto made almost entirely in vain.

#### MAN AND HIS DWELLING-PLACE.\*

It would seem desirable from time to time to turn away from the crowd of new books that issue from the contemporary press, and examine some of those which have been for a considerable time before the world, and which appear to be exercising a sensible influence upon the thoughts of our generation. From every point of view it is plainly advantageous that the critic should have an occasional opportunity of re-considering a judgment, of re-casting a verdict, and of noting down the share, whether large or small, which any given work may have had in accelerating, in slackening, or in modifying the prevalent tendencies of modern thought. Such an opportunity cannot occur very frequently. If, for instance, we look through the list of books that have been published within the last ten years, we are surprised to find, as we undoubtedly shall, that by far the larger portion of them, unable to undergo the sifting process of time, have slipped away into oblivion, and that only a scanty residuum of genuine thought is left to enrich the future. It is probably worth our while, therefore, to examine in the light of fuller knowledge, some of these golden lumps which have survived the test of Time; and this more especially with a view to noting their influences on English life in our own times. We may discover somewhat to deplore as well as admire in the success of even the best books; we may find that it is as common

\* *Man and his Dwelling-place.* An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. By James Hinton. Second Edition. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 1861.)



The aim of the school of which the present writer is an acute disciple is to mould and inform the mind by this teaching, until it has assumed such an habitual attitude, has become so imbued with a certain spirit, that it is ever turned to the contemplation of the mysterious grandeur and truth of Nature, even amidst sordid cares and ignoble anxiety. The philosophic writer on the conduct of life will not trouble himself about implanting dogmas, or laying down rules of conscience, like children

who amuse themselves by putting dry sticks and dead roots into the ground; but he will rather endeavour to prepare the earth for the reception of the seeds which Providence or Circumstances may supply. It may, indeed, be urged that all this preparation is too shadowy and too indistinct in outline to be of genuine service. It is precisely this idea of indefiniteness which lies at the root of all vital culture. When Milton talked of the dim religious light, his words had more in them than a mere reference to stained-glass; the religious ideas of the mind, like the religious light of the cathedral, are most in harmony with surrounding things, when they are least brilliant, and least distinct; and this, because the notion of vastness cannot be attained, where all is bright and clear as day. Once more, then, nothing is more important than that the idea of wholeness and unity in the world should be ever more and more widely diffused: in this epoch of scientific analysis and critical investigation of all things in heaven and earth, this is especially needed. Ours, as an illustrious writer has said, is a Mechanical Age, when the whole problem of life is reduced to a compact scheme of means and ends, of causes and effects. Few can watch the progress of science without hopefulness and congratulation; but there would be little ground for joy, if scientific enthusiasm quenched a deeper sentiment in those ambitious spirits,—

"Whom earth at this late season, hath produced,  
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh  
The planets in the hollow of their hands;  
And those who rather dive than soar, whose pains  
Have solved the elements, or analysed  
The thinking principle—

Inquire of ancient wisdom, go, demand  
Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant  
That we should pry far off, yet be unraised;  
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,  
Viewing all objects suremmittingly,  
In disconnection dead and spiritless;  
And still dividing and dividing still,  
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied  
With the perverse attempt, while littleness  
May yet become more little; waging thus  
An impious warfare with the very life  
Of our own souls!"

In conclusion, we have to remark that this, like all other valuable books in the moral order, may have had, nay almost certainly has had, a bad as well as a good influence. Just as religion degenerates into cant, and art into dilettantism, so this keen recognition of the majesty and strange beauty of life, is frequently a futile mirage, a wretched phantasmagoria, by which persons are lead astray from what, after all, is the most majestic, and the most beautiful thing in life—active work. Unless combined with practical exertion and persevering labour amongst our kind, it profits little that we have ever so profound a sense of the ineffable solemnity of the world around us. It is well, therefore, to beware lest, carried away by transient and mystic enthusiasm, we forget that it has its proper outlet in action and exertion.

#### POETRY.

1. *The Poetic Spirit, and other Poems.* By James Ellis Cartwright. 4s. 6d. (Longmans.) 2. *The Pleasures of Virtue.* By O. Ceva. (H. T. Tresidder.) There is a certain similarity in these two poets, which has induced us to class them together in review. They are both unsurpassed in sententiousness since the days of Crabbe, and they both have their little pantheistic idolatries. Mr. Cartwright worships Nature in neat, heroic couplets, which have all the monotonous dignified swing of Pope, while Ceva adores Virtue in the same measure, but with a more modern flow in the structure of the lines. In the distinctness with which he enunciates his theology, the former leaves Boehmen or Schelling far in

the shade. No upholder of the doctrine of the *malin* ever stated his belief in clearer terms than does Mr. Cartwright. "Eternal Nature, everything in one," is, to say the least, a most honest, straightforward line. It is even doubtful whether man did not learn all his practical virtues from Nature.

"What taught his moral nature wrong and right,  
And bared the hidden virtues to his sight?  
Did nature's sun unwearied teach his mind  
To be like him for daily work inclined?  
From rampant lions did he courage learn?  
Did incubating birds to patience turn?"

It is but just to say, that the Higher Power, which we ordinary mortals believe in as the one Eternal and the Giver of all good, is occasionally alluded to incidentally, and also to observe, that there are in the book better lines than the above in a poetical point of view. But there are none so bitter as a knowledge of what the author considers to be "the Poetic spirit" would lead us to suppose. As he rather prosaically remarks,

"Poetic spirit, briefly I would state,  
On two broad bases standeth, love and hate."

Now we know, on still higher authority, that the poet is "dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn;" but our readers will perceive, that the two authors are really at variance with regard to the poetic constitution, when we inform them that the particular species of Hate which Mr. Cartwright is dowered with is "crabbed as age." Fortunately he has given us no specimen of his powers in this line, so much does his goddess enthral him. O. Ceva, on the other hand, as we have said before, worships Virtue. She is not only a very pleasant, affable deity, as the title would lead us to suppose, but she also protects her followers in this life, and lands them safe in the next. But pending that exceedingly remote time when we shall obtain everlasting felicity through her means, it is well to know in what part of this terrestrial orb she more especially loves to dwell. What Englishman could have a doubt on the subject? It is England, it is Albion; nay more, to include our testy Scotch friends, it is Britannia! Unfortunately for Hibernia, Great Britain and Ireland would not come into the metre, or we have no doubt that Virtue would have been happy to cross the channel, now that the passage is little more than three hours. But such being the case, it would be worth an Irishman's while to come over and see how we get on under her tutelage. It would be to him a truly refreshing sight, after a shot at his landlord or a no-popery speech in the Rotunda. For

"Here Reason dwells, and Mercy builds her bowers,  
Here Pleasure sports amid Affection's flowers,  
Here Truth and Justice saunter hand-in-hand,  
And bless the greatness of the little land."

What a pretty idea that is about Truth and Justice! We can fancy we discern the loving pair sauntering down our page as we write, and bidding us tell Ceva that all this may be morality, but is not religion; may be patriotism, but certainly is not poetry. It may seem rather harsh, but we must do so. Only let us assure him that this truth-speaking is not one of the pleasures of Virtue.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Everybody's Holiday Guide* (Adams: 3d., monthly) is the name of a new and seasonable little work, containing short descriptions of the principal attractions of London, and a tourists' map twenty-five miles round. The second portion of the publication is devoted to notices of the Country Resorts and Seaside Places easily accessible from the metropolis; and a most useful feature is the addition of Railway Time Tablets to the places described—Dover, Hastings, Brighton, Isle of Wight, and other holiday resorts. The most original part of the book, however, is the carrying out a pleasant idea in a Holiday Almanack for the month. In a work-a-day world, a sight of this calendar of flower-shows, rifle meetings, regattas, races, concerts, and other amusements appointed to take place, does one good.

*The Wedding Guests; or, the Happiness of Life.* A Novel. By Mary C. Hume. (F. Pittman.) This novel, if we remember right, was published by Messrs.

Parker and Son about five years ago. We scarcely think that a new and cheap edition of the tale is likely to prove more successful than the first issue. *The Wedding Guests*, in spite of the womanly feeling it displays, must be generally characterized as a dull book, and dullness in a novel is an unpardonable sin. The style is spasmodic, heavy, and irksome; and although the tale is not altogether devoid of imagination or feeling, it takes little hold of the reader. We must except, however, the scene in which Huntley describes the dark cloud that has been hanging over him from boyhood; but the interest excited by that portion of the narrative is too painful to be pleasing.

*The Leighs; or, The Discipline of Daily Life.* By Miss Palmer. (James Hogg and Son.) This is a pleasantly written and unobtrusively instructive story, which is likely to find very favourable critics in the young people for whom it is intended. Such a book scarcely calls for literary notice, yet we cannot pass it by without a word of commendation. *The Leighs* is a book that may be safely put into the hands of any girl; and its fresh, healthy, religious tone affords what some years ago would have been called "excellent reading."

*Something for Everybody, and a Garland for the Year.* A Book for House and Home. By John Timbs, F.S.A. (Lockwood & Co.) Much that is pleasantest in our literature consists of that semi-gossiping, semi-antiquarian order of books, of which this volume is a specimen. The note-books of great scholars or men of curious research, when published, are almost always of considerable interest, and frequently constitute works into which we dip oftentimes, and from which we derive considerable real amusement, combined with valuable information. First among these are to be ranked the works of Southey and of the elder Disraeli, which are perfect treasure-houses of curious and recondite information, the whole of which is conveyed in language whose graceful and harmonious flow renders agreeable to our senses the information conveyed to our minds. The volume by Mr. Timbs belongs to this class, though far inferior in merit, either as regards value of the contents or beauty of style. It is divided into two parts, the first of which, viz. *A Garland for the Year*, puts forth, however, higher pretensions to arrangement than are generally incidental to works of this class. The information, though desultory and inconsecutive, is held together by a link consisting of the memorable days of the year, a plan adopted, as the author confesses in his preface, from the valuable *Everyday Book* of our well-known domestic antiquary, William Hone. This work is, however, much more than a condensation of the works of Hone, containing information that had escaped his diligent research. Mr. Timbs's work, though savouring not a little of book-making, is interesting and curious; its worst fault is, that so much of the information it conveys is accessible elsewhere, and that not in obscure quarters, but in works possessing as great or greater pretensions to popularity as his own. In Brand's admirable work on *Popular Antiquities*, for instance, much that is most curious in this work is forestalled, and few readers who are likely to purchase the work of Mr. Timbs will, we should suppose, be without a copy of that of his more illustrious predecessor. In the additions that are made to the articles, there is frequently, though by no means universally, a gain on the score of correctness. The second half of the book is entitled *Something for Everybody*. Here the arrangement is entirely desultory, and the combinations odd and quaint enough. An idea of its nature may be gained from the headings of a few of the paragraphs: "Why Venison is sold by Fishmongers," "Playing on the Salt Box," "Anderson's Scotch Pills," "Royal Wet-Nurses," "Spilling the Salt," "Under the Rose," "Sing Old Rose and Burn the Bellows." Taken as a whole, there is a great quantity of information in this book, and it is well got up, and in a convenient and inexpensive form. It has few pretensions to graces of style, and we think a little more pains might have made it infinitely more readable. However, it is a book that is pleasant to have under one's hand, for we may always take it up with the certainty of reading something new or amusing, and put it down in the midst of the longest or most interesting article without a shadow of regret.



We have received the following Serials and Pamphlets:—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*; *Bentley's Miscellany* for July; part 5 of *Orley Farm* (Chapman and Hall); *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, part 2 (Quaritch); *The Eclectic Review*, No. 1, new series, July (Judd and Glass); *Chambers's Household Edition of Shakespeare*, part 6; *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, part 32 (W. and R. Chambers); *The London Review*, published quarterly (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.); *The New Quarterly Review* (Hardwicke); *The Atlantic Monthly* (Trübner and Co.); *The Dublin University Magazine* (W. H. Smith and Son); *Pharmaceutical Journal* for July (Churchill); *Meliora* for July (Partridge); *The Technologist* (Kent and Co.); Nos. 5, 6, and 7 of *Entertaining Things* (Hall and Virtue); *Proceedings of the Royal Horticultural Society*; *An Old Man's Review of his Past Life* (Pickering); *The York Journal of Convocation* (Mosley).

## BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Arnold (T. K.), Practical Introduction to Latin Prose Composition, fourth edition, part II, 8vo, 8s. Rivington.  
Austin (A.), The Season, a Satire, second edition, post 8vo, 5s. Manwaring.  
Aykubourn (H.), Practice of High Court of Chancery, part I, seventh edition, 12mo, 10s. Wildy.  
Barrett (W. G.), New Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons, new edition, two vols., 12mo, 3s. 6d. each. Jepps.  
Braithwaite (W.), Commentary on Midwifery, Jan. to June, 1861, 12mo, 1s. Simpkin.  
Braithwaite (W.), Retrospect of Medicine, vol. xliii, 12mo, 6s. Simpkin.  
British Controversialist, January to June, 1861, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Houlston.  
Burgon (J. W.), Inspiration and Interpretation, Seven Sermons before University of Oxford, 8vo, 14s. J. H. Parker.  
Bushnell (H.), Natural and the Supernatural, post 8vo, 4s. 6d. Low.  
Cazenove (Jas.), Supplement to Thoughts on Political Economy, 12mo, 1s. Simpkin.  
Challis (Rev. J.), Creation in Plan and Progress, Essays on, 1st chapter of Genesis, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Macmillan.  
Chesshyre (W. T.), Recollections of a Five Years' Residence in Norway, 12mo, 5s. Newby.  
Cockett (W.), Sermons for the Times, 12mo, 2s. Hatchard.  
Cockton (H.), Valentine Vox, new edition, 12mo, 2s. Routledge.  
Coghlan (F.), Handbook for Italy, complete, new edition, 12mo, 10s. Trübner.  
Coghlan (F.), North Italy, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Trübner.  
Cook (Dutton), Paul Foster's Daughter, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.  
Dumas (A.), Ingénue, or Death of Marat, 12mo, 2s. C. H. Clarke.  
First-Class Library: Williams (F.), Maids of Honour, Tale of Time of George I., 12mo, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. Kent.  
Garbett (Rev. E.), Bible and its Critics, Boyle Lectures, 1861, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Hatchard.  
Garland of Songs, or an English Liederkranz, edited by Rev. C. R. Bore, 4to, 1s. Aylott.  
Gaskell (Mrs.), My Lady Ludlow, and other Tales, post 8vo, 5s. Low.  
Gough (J. B.), Orations, new edition, 12mo, 1s. Tweedie.  
Graham (G. F.), Helps to English Grammar, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Longman.  
Graham (Rev. J.), Poems, Sacred, Didactic, and Descriptive, 12mo, 5s. Judd.  
Howitt (M.), Lilliesleaf, or Lost and Found, new edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Routledge.  
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## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OUR readers will have learned ere this the fact of the premature death of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which happened at Florence on Saturday week. She died in, shall we say, the early or the middle age of womanhood; and she has left a large circle of friends both at home and abroad to lament her loss.

To the world at large perhaps she was, and ever will be, better known under her maiden name of Miss Elizabeth Barrett. She was a native of the metropolis, the daughter of a gentleman in affluent circumstances, who, having fixed his abode in London, was enabled to bestow on his children the best of educations, and her literary precocity showed itself at a very early period. Ovid and others "lisp'd in numbers;" and it was no less true of Miss Barrett in her girlhood than of him.

"Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat apud,  
Et quod tentabat scribere, versus erat."

She wrote tragedy at ten years old, and *well* too at fourteen or fifteen. Whilst still a Miss in her 'teens, she was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and had gained a wide circle of admirers among her father's friends. Eventually she came before the public with a metrical translation of a Greek play—no easy task for a young lady of her years. She was not like one of Lord Byron's young ladies, of whom we read in *Don Juan* that she had

"Translated Heracles Furens  
Into as furious English."

Her volume, however, which appeared for the first time in 1833, though anonymous, soon found readers, and pleased the public, though it did not satisfy the fair authoress, who bestowed on it so much of the *limæ labor* recommended by Horace, that she eventually superseded her first effort by re-writing the play, her maturer judgment having pronounced her first attempt a failure. Five years later appeared *The Seraphim*, a poem holding, as it were, an intermediate position between an ancient Greek tragedy and a Christian mystery; the idea of which had suggested itself during the progress of her labours on the *Prometheus Bound*. With it were associated some miscellaneous poems, a portion of which had already appeared in the pages of periodicals, where they had won (in spite of some obscurity of manner and expression) high appreciation for their poetic beauty and earnest tone of feeling. Though chiefly known to the multitude by these productions, Miss Barrett also wrote many admirable and erudite prose articles on the Greek Christian Poets, and other subjects, which were considered to afford evidence of unusually keen insight, and extended intellectual attainments. Whilst young she was a great invalid, having broken a bloodvessel in the region of the lungs, on which account she was ordered to spend one winter, if not two, at Torquay. There she lost her brother, who was accidentally drowned; and though her chest was strengthened by a residence at Torquay, yet the shock which his sudden death caused to her system was so severe, that for many months she was a confirmed invalid. However, she turned to good account the time which she spent in her sick chamber; for she read through and mastered several of the

ancient classical poets, and thoroughly imbued her mind with their spirit; "reading," to use Miss Mitford's words, "almost every book that was worth reading, in almost every language, studying with ever fresh delight the classic authors in the original, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed to be born to be the priestess."

In 1844 appeared the first collected edition of her "Poems" (2 vols., Moxon), embracing most of her early miscellaneous contributions to the periodicals of the day, which were favourably reviewed by ourselves and the *Athenæum* at the time of their appearance. Not very long afterwards, and before the publication of a second edition of them, she became the wife of Robert Browning, the poet, and immediately after her marriage accompanied him to Pisa. They subsequently removed to Florence, which continued to be their permanent home, down to the closing scene of all, though Mr. and Mrs. Browning occasionally exchanged it for short visits to their friends in England.

The republication in 1850 of her collected poems, in two vols., added much to her reputation, and obtained very general acknowledgment of her title to rank, in many points of view, as the first female poet of the age. A small number of unpublished poems appeared in this edition, and among them was "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," which has been cited as one of her happiest inspirations. An inspiration it might, indeed, be called, inasmuch as it was written in twelve hours, having been required at the last moment to complete the uniformity of her volumes, and composed in haste to save the packet which was to convey the proof-sheets to America. In 1851 appeared *Casa Guidi: Windows*, a poem, the theme of which was the repeated struggle for liberty which she had opportunities of witnessing from the windows of the Casa Guidi, her own Florentine residence. Although critics have not failed to do full justice to the generous impulse, fine imagination, and social and political wisdom of this production, the fantastic and rugged forms in which the ideas are frequently clothed would be likely to render it only partially acceptable. It is probably by such poems as the "Cry of the Children," "The Poet's Vow," "Catharina to Camoens," "Bertha in the Lane," "Cowper's Grave," and a host of others which throng upon the memory, that Mrs. Browning will touch the hearts of her readers most closely, and it will be from them, therefore, that she will derive her most enduring renown. In 1856 Mrs. Browning published *Aurora Leigh*, a poem, in eight books, which may best be described as an ethical and social novel in blank verse. In 1859 appeared her *Poems before Congress*, a collection of lyrics, expressive of sympathy with the regeneration of Italy, and of faith in Louis Napoleon as an agent in that great cause, but which is not thought equal to her previous performances in the opinion of those who are competent to form a judgment.

Mrs. R. Browning is mentioned by Miss Mitford in her *Literary Recollections* in the following terms: "My first acquaintance," writes this authoress in 1852, "with Elizabeth Barrett commenced fifteen years ago, and she was then certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Of a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face,—large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes,—a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went to Chiswick, that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the author of the 'Essay on Mind,' was, in technical language, 'out.' During my stay in town we met frequently, and after my return to the country we corresponded very regularly; her letters being just what letters ought to be,—her own talk put upon paper, full of heart and soul." Whatever may be the place which will be finally adjudged to Mrs. Browning among the poetesses of England, there can be no question as to the earnest aspiration which she brought to the completion of her verse, or as to the high and holy aim at which it is directed. Much of her verse is profoundly, some of it is even passionately melancholy, but it is never morbid—always hearty, genuine, and true. There is so much truth and emphasis too in the few lines which close the preface to the earlier issue of her collected

"Poems," that we make no apology for placing them on record here.—"In any case, while my poems are full of faults,—as I go forward to my critics, and confess,—they have my heart and life in them,—they are not empty shells. If it must be said of me that I have contributed immemorable verses to the many rejected by the age, it cannot at least be said that I have done so in a light and irresponsible spirit. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure, for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being, to which I could attain,—and as work I offer it to the public,—feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration,—but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere."

It only remains to add that Mrs. Browning has left an only child, a son of about eight years old, who bids fair to tread in his parent's steps.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

MUNICH, July 6.

THE 26th of June being the anniversary of the foundation of the University, a grand meeting of the members was held here on that day, according to established custom, to celebrate the event. The proceedings were opened by a speech from the Rector, which this year had for its subject, "On the bodily exercise of our academic youth." It certainly was a favourable sign, and indicative of a healthy influence, thus to hear the chief professor of a University inculcating the advantage, not of sitting without interruption over learned books, but of going forth into the fresh world of nature, to inhale the air, and to gaze upon, and take into the heart, the beauty of the objects around us. "Every walk in the open air," he told his hearers, "expands the chest; and the activity of the heart and nerves is excited also, no less advantageously, by the impressions made on us by Nature, through the medium of our senses and our emotions." We are so accustomed in England to associate "the midnight lamp" with our notions of "a German professor," that this sensible advice of the Rector may not unfittingly be alluded to. The number of young men at Munich University is greater than at any other in Germany, except Berlin. At this moment, there are 1321 pursuing their various studies here. Sybel, one of the most eminent professors, is about to leave, having been called to Bonn, to fill the chair of Professor of History at that University. His departure is viewed with great regret by many; for not only is he a man of acknowledged learning, but he possesses the desirable art of imparting what he teaches in a plain, comprehensible, and most agreeable manner. In his enumeration of facts, in his dissection of character, in the explanation he gives of the causes of different occurrences, there is nothing dry or tedious. His lectures would rather be found too short by his audience than of too protracted a length. He groups events together so as to present you with an historical picture; and he gives you anecdotes and characteristic incidents which help to bring the remote near to you, and to make what at first sight seems foreign gradually become familiar. There is a resemblance to Macaulay both in his style and his treatment of history; and it is evident that he has not only taken him for his master, but also studied him attentively. Notwithstanding his ability, which no one thinks of gainsaying, he is, nevertheless, unpopular here. This however does not arise from his individuality—from any peculiarity belonging to his character as a man—but solely from the political views which he is known to favour. Herr von Sybel is a Prussian, and is generally supposed to aid and to strengthen the policy of his country by every means in his power. As Prussia is looked on with but little favour here, any one fighting in her cause can hardly

be popular. The inimical feeling maintained by her towards Austria is also reflected on frequent occasions in the discourses of Professor Sybel; an opportunity for an unfavourable innuendo or side-blow being never allowed to pass unheeded. All this, no less than the position which, as a Protestant, he takes, so totally different from that of the ultra-Catholic party, tends to make his departure less a matter of regret than it would otherwise be. It is not yet known who is to be his successor.

The present King of Bavaria, who is as zealous a promoter of literature and science as his father was of art, has again offered a prize of two hundred ducats for the best drama, the subject of which is taken from Bavarian history. The same sum had already been offered; but although many were the pieces sent in for examination, none were adjudged worthy of the prize. The term fixed for their delivery is October 10th, 1863. A committee chosen from among the members of the Maximilian Order, lately founded for the purpose of distinguishing men who have furthered art, literature, or science, is to decide on the respective claims. The success, however, of the first representation of the selected pieces is to be decisive. If acknowledged successful by the public voice, the prize is to be awarded the fortunate author. With much liberality, the dramatist is allowed to superintend the getting up the piece himself, so that the way in which it is brought upon the stage may be in accordance with his views.

The assistance which his Majesty so liberally accords to men of science, to enable them to pursue their investigations, whether by the purchase of the necessary instruments or by travelling to other countries to continue their observations, is certainly productive of far greater good than this exciting to productiveness by means of a prize to be contended for. Mr. Buckle is evidently quite right in all he says on the subject of court patronage; and that in literature and art as well as in commodities for the market, the supply is in exact proportion to the demand; and that to attempt the production of a thing in greater quantities than is wanted, is not desirable. Nothing as yet has been called into existence by his Majesty's prize, which might not quite as well have never been written. I do not anticipate brighter results for the decisive day in October, 1863.

It may be as well to remind the English reader, or rather the English traveller, that the great singing festival, to take place at Nuremberg, is fixed for the 20th of the present month, and lasts four days. The number of singers already announced as intending to be present is 4390.

In a short time, too, the great exhibition of paintings at Dusseldorf will be open. The pictures in the hall allotted to the Munich School are already hung, those of Dusseldorf also, and the Berlin room is nearly ready. It will be an exhibition well worth taking a journey to see; and as many a person, little thinking of what he was losing, omitted visiting the great Exhibition of German Art at Munich a year or two ago, it is to be hoped this opportunity will not be neglected. Such a complete and magnificent collection of works of (German) art as was then brought together will probably never again be realized. Even those who originated the Exhibition little suspected what they were about to accomplish. In not a single English journal was an account given of the works of art there brought together. It is to be hoped that the Dusseldorf exhibition may not be passed over as that of Munich was. A few hours will bring the traveller thither from England, and the English artist will have an excellent opportunity, not only of comparing the merits and defects of the various schools, but what will be of far more utility to him, of learning, as he examines each, where his own deficiencies lie. Not that he need feel at all ashamed of his own school of art, but he nevertheless will see much by the contemplation of which he cannot fail to profit. The Cornelius cartoons, made for the Glyptothek and the Campo Santo of Berlin, will be included in the collection, besides several of Scharr, and some drawings of Genelli. It is not uninteresting to compare the number of works furnished by the different towns. Dusseldorf brings the largest contribution, two hundred and eighty pictures; and immediately after comes Munich, with a hundred and sixty; while Berlin furnishes a hundred and

fifty; and Vienna only a hundred and twenty-five. Weimar, whose Grand Duke has so strenuously endeavoured to attract artists to his court, sends thirty. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where, until within a very few years, money-getting and the enjoyment of the creature comforts of this world formed the chief occupation of its inhabitants, contributes sixty works. Twenty years ago its contingent would have fallen far short of this number. Now, however, an interest is taken in other things besides "the almighty dollar," no clearer proof of which can be given than the figures quoted above.

A literary man of European reputation, member of nearly all the learned societies of the Continent, has just expired at Prague—Paul Joseph Safarik—who was more intimately acquainted with Slavonic literature and language than any man of his day. His first work was a collection of the national songs of his country, which was followed by a Slavonian translation of *The Clouds* of Aristophanes, and *Maria Stuart* of Schiller. In 1823 he published a collection of the popular songs of Slavonia, and finally the History of the Slavonic Language and Literature in all its various dialects. This great work procured for him a lasting fame. He was born in 1795 at a little village of Hungary; and chance having thrown in his way some works in Slavonian, his admiration of the language became so great, on learning to appreciate its many beauties, that he from that day devoted himself to its study.

The tenor, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, alluded to in my last, threw up his engagement here on not being allowed to appear as Massaniello, owing to the over-scrupulousness of one of the Court officials.

In addition to the statues placed in the niches of the Glyptothek,—Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Gibson, Tenerani, Schwanthaler, Ghiberti, Donatello,—two more have been added within the last week by his Majesty King Lewis. The first, Peter Vischer, executed by Brugger, and the second, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, by the sculptor Widmann.

FLORENCE, July 9.

Some irregularities, or mismanagement of some sort, in the administration of the State lottery office here,—matters not in any wise affecting the honesty, but only the judgment of the chief director at Florence,—have occasioned some discussion in our newspapers. It is a mark of most notable and beneficial progress, that any such subject should find its way into the newspapers at all. But I was sorry to observe that the tone in which the matter was spoken of, especially by the *Nazione*, which may be considered as the leading journal here, was such as to indicate that the writer had an extremely imperfect and inadequate idea of the nature and magnitude of the evil caused by the existence of this scandalous source of national revenue.

Admitting that the thing was mischievous and immoral, the *Nazione* considered that there was no chance that the Government should consent to its abolition for some time to come, because it is profitable, and the national finance accounts show a deficiency. Now, though fully aware that a hard-pressed finance minister can hardly be expected to look on the sources from which he draws his supplies with the critical eye of a moral philosopher, yet it does seem to me that a government, to which the regeneration of the country it rules has been confided, should not be content to tolerate so infamous a source of demoralization for a moment; and that a public writer, who duly felt all the abominations of it, would not speak so acquiescingly of the continuance of it.

The English public, I imagine, have very little idea of the nature of the government lottery system in Italy, and of the immensity of the wide-spread evil which it is calculated to produce, and, in fact, does produce, with unerring certainty; and as it is wholly different from the system which was, in less scrupulous days, permitted to exist among ourselves, it may perhaps be interesting to give a short account of it.

In the first place, the evil in Italy is infinitely greater than it ever was with us, because an incomparably lower stake may be played for. The English lottery robbed and demoralized only those block-heads and gamblers who could stake their sixteen or twenty pounds; but there is no fish too small to



be caught in the meshes of the Italian financier's fatal net. The very beggar in the streets may expend the halfpenny he has obtained "to keep him from starving, for the love of the Virgin," in a lottery ticket, and does so constantly. And that nothing may be wanting to complete the education of the people in gambling, to the exclusion of industry, and to increase the sum which can be extracted from their demoralization, the event comes off once a week. Every Saturday the croupier financier's ill-omened invitation to "make your game, gentlemen," resounds through the length and breadth of the land. The cry, indeed, is never silent; but it becomes redoubled in urgent intensity as the weekly event, which forms the main interest in life to thousands, draws near. The constant state of gambling excitement in which the entire mass of the population, it may almost be said, is kept, never flags; it is always at fever heat. The lottery, its deceptive combinations, its enervating and demoralizing hopes and fears, and the fallacious expectations of extrication from the proper and natural consequences of idleness and improvidence, make a part, and a large part, of the daily life, and of the waking and sleeping thoughts of the people.

In all these respects, as will at once be seen, the lottery, as it exists in Italy, and as it is perpetuated by a reformed government, which has assumed the task and the duty of regenerating and moralizing the nation, is an incalculably greater evil than it ever was in England; where, in times far less moral and less scrupulous than the present, it was felt to be a disgrace to the nation, and the government which permitted it.

The abomination is contrived and worked in Italy as follows. A public drawing takes place weekly in one or other of a number of the principal cities arranged into a cycle for this purpose. Florence, Leghorn, Sienna, Rome, &c., have their turns in this cycle, recurring more or less frequently according to their relative importance and population. Everything is done to give the ceremony of drawing a public, festive, and attractive character. A handsome sort of hustings is rigged out in the most conspicuous place of the city; magistrates, in their robes of office, are in attendance to superintend the business and declare the numbers as they come out of the wheel to the assembled crowd; these are taken from the wheel by a couple of lads in gay fancy costume; and a military band enlivens the scene with its music. The numbers placed in the wheel are always the same—from one to ninety; and the placing them there, one by one, is performed *coram populo* with much ceremony. Five only are then drawn out; and these are the winning numbers. They are not only declared to the expectant crowd, but forthwith publicly exhibited all over the city, and notified instantly by telegraph—and, in the days before the electric telegraph, by special expresses—to the other cities comprised in the unholy league. And it is not, perhaps, the least among the scandals connected with the abomination, that when all public connection and relationship with the priest-ruled city on the seven hills for every other purpose has been, with good reason, broken off, the amicable arrangement between the Pontifical and Tuscan lottery offices, for the plunder of their respective people, remains intact!

The way of playing in the Italian lottery is this. You enter one of the "Receiving offices," which are thickly set all over the city, you put down your ten dollars, your dollar, your franc, your half-franc, your halfpenny (the lowest stake accepted by the omnivorous gaming demon is, if not exactly, near about that sum), and you tell the dingy-looking clerk that you wish to play a "*simplice estratto*," an "*estratto determinato*," an "*ambo*," or a "*terno*," according to your fancy. The meaning of the first phrase is, that you bet that the one number named by you will be one of the five drawn from the wheel; the second means that your one number shall be the first to come out, or the second, etc. The "*ambo*" means that two numbers named by you shall both be among the five, and the "*terno*" the same of three. You may even name four or all five, though this is rarely played for. You may also name five numbers, to win, if any one, two, or three of them are among the five which come out of the wheel. There is thus no such thing as a certain ticket being sold, and no longer to be had.

Any number of persons may by chance or by combination put their money on the same numbers; and it does it fact often occur that there is a run on a certain combination of numbers. For lists are kept running over several years of all the numbers, and combinations of numbers, which have come out; and the stupid votaries of the blind goddess form theories out of these past events of the supposed probabilities of the future. But it is to be observed, that the administration reserves to itself the right of declaring off, and returning their money to the dupes a certain specified number of hours before the drawing, if the play upon any numbers should be heavier than it chooses to risk.

It will be seen at once that it would be the work of a competent actuary to calculate the real chances of all the various combinations which have been described; and that, of course, the generality of the players have absolutely no ideas upon the subject. But of course all these calculations have been accurately made; and as the object with which the play has been arranged is to make the chances equal in all cases in proportion to the sum to be paid to the winner, the real nature of the risk may be easily stated. Of course if you name one number as the first to come out of the wheel—if you play, in lottery jargon, the *estratto determinato*, and win, it is clear that you ought to receive ninety times your stake; but you would, in such case, receive it only seventy-five times multiplied. The profit, therefore, of the Government (less expenses of management), the plunder of which the public is duped, is fifteen on every ninety of all the money staked.

And as the game is always going on, as the Government nets its unhalloved profit on the capital invested in cultivating the vices of its subjects weekly, the sum turned by this means into the coffers of the State is no doubt a considerable one. But surely a government which stands before the world in the position of that of Victor Emmanuel,—a government which has ousted the old hereditary rulers of the countries united under its sway, because they kept their people in degradation, ignorance, and idleness,—a government which can base its moral title to the position it has assumed only on its willingness and capability to lead the people out from that bondage to ignorant and immoral rule which made them the byword of Europe,—a government which has volunteered to take upon itself the vast responsibility of presiding over, forwarding, and guiding the regeneration of a great nation, ought to feel that any means of raising the supplies, which every Italian knows are so pressingly needed by it, would be preferable to the scandalously infamous one of thus creating vice among its people for the sake of trading in it.

For the accusation which Italy and all men kind, who are eagerly and anxiously watching her redemption, have to make against the Italian government in this matter, cannot fall short of this. It is not only, as the *Nazione* puts it, that the State takes the profit arising from legalizing and regulating the vice which unhappily exists deeply rooted in the habits and character of the people. It creates the vice it trades in; and the frightful extent to which it too surely does so, is painfully evident to any one who has lived with his eyes open among the people. The lottery literally occupies, as was said above, the sleeping as well as the waking thoughts of the populace; and a wretched lying guide-book, sold with all due approbation and authorization of the rulers, who can even still prohibit arbitrarily writings of wholesome discussion, has been provided for interpreting every imaginable dream, and every most trivial occurrence of every-day life into supernatural revelations of "fortunate numbers of the lottery!" The walls and even the pavements of the streets may be seen scrawled over with numbers professing to be judicious combinations. A trade is driven in numbers revealed by dreams. The present writer was on one occasion accosted in the streets of Florence by a grey-haired venerable-looking old man, who proposed to him a lottery speculation in partnership, the cash to be found by the deponent, and the foreknowledge requisite for the realization of sure and splendid gains to be supplied by the proved and unquestionable dreaming faculties of the venerable party with the flowing grey hair. The present deponent further confesses, with some compunction, to having riled the old gentleman

very considerably by professing his entire readiness to go into the scheme proposed, if only the functions to be assigned to the respective partners could be interchanged.

But the matter is, in truth, too grave a one for jesting. The very language of the country has been contaminated by phrases, metaphors, and idioms drawn from the jargon of the lottery office, and many a passage might be cited from some of the best popular literature of the day, wholly untranslatable, thank God! into English, and utterly unintelligible to those happily ignorant of the terms of lottery gambling.

I have said nothing of the evidences pervading the whole body of social life of the multimodal modes in which this scourge operates to check industry, prevent thrift and providence, encourage idleness and recklessness, prompt to crime, enervate the energies, engender the grossest forms of error, and injure the reasoning faculties; for the illustrations of all this, which lie thick-sown on the surface of Italian life, would fill a volume; and the truth of all these assertions must be but too self-evident to every thinker. The men to whose hands the government of Italy has been entrusted cannot shut their eyes to them, and, if they are wise, will no longer affect to do so.

## IRISH CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, July 3.

AN event, which created no small excitement among the Dublin press, occurred a few days ago. Owing to the total abolition of the paper duty in October next, the proprietors of the *Saunders' News Letter*, one of the most influential and, no doubt, the wealthiest paper in this metropolis, reduced the price of their journal from threepence, its original price, to one penny. Within these last ten years *la manie* for cheap literature has been daily increasing, and we may fairly infer the want of penny dailies must be severely felt, when we find such a journal as the *Saunders* accommodating itself to the universal wish of the citizens. We are strong advocates for competition, and were therefore much pleased to witness a change from which the public alone can benefit, as it will enable them to obtain papers conducted in an abler manner than they have hitherto been, and, at the same time, sold at an extraordinarily low figure. Perhaps it would interest your numerous readers to have a list of the various penny daily papers which at present exist in Dublin. There are no less than seven, that is to say, *Evening Packet*, *Mail*, *Daily Express*, *Irish Times*, *Saunders' News Letter*, *Freeman*, *Morning News*. The first five are of the same political and religious principles, viz., Protestant Conservative. The leaders of the *Mail* and *Packet* are evidently written by learned and talented men; the same cannot be said of the literary productions of the remaining dailies. Although the *Saunders* has been established for the last century, and contains a great deal of useful public intelligence, yet it never contributes an article of its own, and for that reason has been called by a great popular orator the "sleeveless" *Saunders*. The *Morning News* and *Freeman* belong to the ultramontane and radical school, and circulate pretty freely amongst their own party.

The remains of an Irish crown and collar, weighing about seven ounces, of pure gold, were found, a few days ago, by a countryman, in a bog, near Clonmacnoise, on the banks of the Shannon. This discovery will be interesting to antiquarians, as from the shape and construction of the relics they must clearly date from as early a period as that of the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

We are happy to find that a very good measure, which the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, have at length understood the necessity of, is now on the tapis. For a lengthened period the sizarships of the University have been given away to men perfectly well able, in point of means, to procure a collegiate education, preventing thereby less fortunate students to carry out their studies. It is now contemplated that for the future, to prevent occurrences of a similar kind, three month's notice of the vacant sizarships in every branch shall be given. This information will enable the "needy men" to state

their circumstances, and if deserving, be allowed to compete. This arrangement will carry out the charitable designs of the original founders of these University privileges.

The meeting of the Social Science Association will be held in Dublin early next month. The preparations for it are proceeding most satisfactorily, and it will, no doubt, be one of the most important assemblies of that practical and useful body. Indeed, when we consider the objects of that Society and their practical bearing upon the affairs of everyday life, and, then again the field chosen this year for its operation, we may anticipate from this Congress a material and permanent advantage to Ireland. That social science has received but little attention at the hands of the middle classes in this country, is but too true, men engaged in their several avocations, whether professional, commercial, or agricultural, accepting the results of their labours without considering, in a scientific point of view, the causes of success or failure. It is the tendency of the public mind, and of the Irish mind in particular, to avoid perplexing questions. Men imagine that their duty is completed when they apply *matériel* and industry to their several businesses, and then, whether the result be satisfactory or otherwise, Providence alone is held accountable. They forget, or are disinclined to think, that Providence holds them accountable for more than *matériel*. Mind is also demanded, and, to be permanently successful, should be sedulously applied. Now, the peculiarity of the Irish middle class is just what the Social Science Society is aptly fitted to bring into notice, and at the same time eradicate. That it will do so in the most effectual and friendly manner no impartial Irishman is disposed to question. The remarkable progress which this country has made during the past ten years will be a most interesting study for the coming Congress. Then it was sunk in almost unparalleled misery, apparently powerless, and therefore hopeless. Now, her wretchedness forgotten, her diseases cured, she stands in manly vigour. To investigate the cause of this, will be surely not only intensely interesting, but greatly instructive; as, gathering lessons from the past, we may shape our course for the future. Moreover, if the deliberations of the Society are somewhat retrospective in seeking for the source, they are eminently prospective in establishing laws for the future, not merely discovering the cause of certain effects, but pointing out a system which may be unerringly applied to the social machinery. The subjects for the Society's consideration are only equalled in their importance by their vastness—jurisprudence, education, punishments and reformatories, public health, social economy, trade, and international laws. What an opportunity is here for the investigation of learned and practical men! Science and the arts have their importance and interest, both, however, necessarily circumscribed. But subjects like those come home to the very doors of all intelligent men. Happily, the president of each department has been chosen most impartially on account of his peculiar fitness for the duty imposed upon him, and there is no doubt that the "right man will be found in the right place." The following is the selection:—Jurisprudence: Right Hon. Joseph Napier, late Lord Chancellor for Ireland. Education: Sir John Shaw Lefevre. Punishments and Reformatories: Mr. O'Hagan, Attorney-General for Ireland. Public Health: Lord Talbot de Malahide. Social Economy: Judge Longfield. Trade and International Law: Mons. Chevalier, a gentleman of European celebrity as a political economist. The whole being presided over by the venerable Lord Brougham, who, on this worthy occasion, for the first time, visits Ireland. The hospitalities to be shown the members will be of a most distinguished and extensive character, the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor, the Royal Dublin Society, and other public bodies, entering into the arrangements most graciously and heartily. The meetings, "conversations," excursions, &c., are all arranged. The inaugural meeting will take place in the Mansion House on the 14th proximo, the others on the succeeding days in the Courts of Law. On the whole, a most interesting and valuable meeting may be looked forward to.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BUCKLE ON THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Mr. Buckle manifests an uneasy consciousness that many of his statements will not stand a rigid examination, and he deprecates beforehand the effect which such a scrutiny is likely to have on the character of his work and on his own reputation for accuracy and candour. In a long passage, which presents an amusing display of egotism and self-conceit, he enumerates the great sacrifices which he has made, in order that he may devote all his strength to the one enterprise which he has undertaken. He tells us that though conscious of what he could do, he has relinquished the sweets of popular applause, the luxury of power, a seat in Parliament or in the Cabinet, and has learned to care little for the sympathy of his fellow-creatures, or for such honours as they are able to bestow, and is prepared for obloquy and abuse, for imputations of ignorance and more than ignorance—for the misrepresentation of his motives and the impeachment of his integrity. Mr. Buckle has nobody to blame but himself that such grave charges have been brought against him. He appears to have no conception of the laws of evidence, or the principles on which they depend. In his estimation, an assertion, if it suits his purpose, is equivalent to a proof, no matter from what quarter it comes. His testimonies are simply counted, never weighed. He adduces in support of his views the statements of writers who are notorious for their disregard of truth, of virulent and unscrupulous partisans, of credulous busybodies, and of writers who lived centuries after the occurrence of the events which they relate, with as much confidence as if they had been contemporary authors of scrupulous fidelity and unquestioned credibility. As an example both of the bad feeling towards Scotland, by which Mr. Buckle's book is pervaded, and of its unfairness, I may refer to the manner in which he speaks of the alleged sale of Charles I. by the Scots. Twice over he twits the Scottish people with this affair, which he declares to be unparalleled in history; and that it may not be supposed, he says, "that I misrepresent this transaction by looking at it from an English point of view, I will merely quote what Scotch writers have said respecting it." He then goes on to quote the statements of certain writers of the present day: one of them, a furious partisan, whose usual designation of the Covenanters is traitors, hypocrites, and assassins; and another, an Episcopalian clergyman educated at Cambridge, author of a silly Puseyite history of St. Andrews, of which Mr. Buckle himself speaks in the most contemptuous terms. It is scarcely worth while to deal seriously with this unworthy attempt to revive an obsolete calumny, unless it were for the purpose of showing the animus of the writer, and his unfitness for calm philosophical inquiry. The old retort, that if the Scotch sold their king the English murdered him, would fall pointless on Mr. Buckle's shield, for he considers the execution of Charles a most meritorious action. But the accusation rests upon a mis-statement of facts as gross as the obloquy thus cast upon the Scottish nation is undeserved. The money paid to the Scots was a part only of the sum due to their army as arrears of pay. The amount to be paid was fixed in August; the payment of the money was voted by the Parliament on the 5th of September; the negotiations respecting the king were not concluded till the 10th of January following. On the 21st of September, a month after the settlement of the arrears, the English Parliament passed a vote claiming the sole disposal of the king's person. The Scots instantly remonstrated against this vote, and urged that as Charles was sovereign of both countries, as both had taken part in the contest and had an equal interest in its settlement, so both had a right to be consulted respecting the disposal of his person. Up to the last moment they offered to reinstate the king on the throne of Scotland, and to obtain for him a favourable settlement with his English subjects, provided he would consent to support the Presbyterian system. He was not given up to the English till he had not only

positively refused to comply with these terms, but had written repeatedly to the Parliament, expressing his desire to be near them, the more speedily and effectually to conclude the long-continued negotiations. To have attempted to retain him in these circumstances, would have led not merely to a breach of the league with England, but to a civil war. Mr. Hallam, who will not be suspected of any undue partiality to the Scotch, says that to have carried him back into Scotland would have exposed their nation to the most serious danger; and to have undertaken his defence, by arms, against England, would have been a mad and culpable renewal of the miseries of both kingdoms; that their right to retain his person was open to much doubt; and that in his opinion they would have delivered him up, even though there had been no pecuniary expectation in the case. Mr. Buckle alleges that "the English were recompensed for their money by getting hold of their oppressor, against whom they thirsted for revenge;" but Mr. Hallam, a much more trustworthy authority, tells us that "the party in the House which sought most earnestly to obtain possession of the King's person was that which had no further aim than an accommodation with him and a settlement of the government on the bases of its fundamental laws;" while those who opposed the negotiation were the zealous enemies of the King, and, in some instances at least, of the monarchy. It must not be forgotten, too, that when the designs of the republicans became apparent, the Scotch took up arms in the King's behalf, and brought their country to the brink of ruin by this chivalrous but imprudent attempt to rescue their former oppressor. Mr. Buckle, of course, makes no allusion to such generous and disinterested efforts as this. According to him, the Scotch seem to be wholly destitute of the feeling of loyalty. "They have made war," he says, "upon most of their kings, and put to death many;" and he quotes the statement of an English writer—though he admits that it is exaggerated—to the effect that "forty of their kings have been barbarously murdered by them, and half as many have either made away with themselves, for fear of their torturing them, or have died miserably in strait imprisonment." The many kings whom the Scottish barons—not the people—put to death, amount just to two; one of whom (James I.) was murdered by conspirators—the other (James III.) fell in battle against a faction of the nobles, or rather was killed in his flight. The roll of deposed and murdered English kings is twice as large, to say nothing of a Scottish queen, who took refuge in England in the day of her extremity, and paid for her rash confidence in English hospitality by the loss of her head. As might have been expected, Mr. Buckle's most flagrant misrepresentations and mistakes are to be found in that portion of his work which treats of the Scottish clergy. He tells us in one place that the neglect or persecution of the Church by the rulers of Scotland, drove the clergy into the arms of the people; and yet, strange to say, in another portion of his book he affirms that the same clergy tyrannized over the people in the most arbitrary, cruel, and inquisitorial manner. He has culled a great number of extracts from their sermons and other theological works published by them or about them, and represents these selections as fair specimens of their opinions and instructions, and as affording a correct delineation of the national character of the Scottish people during the seventeenth century. Now, first of all, granting for argument's sake that these quotations are fairly made, such a mode of reasoning is unworthy of a philosopher and unjust to the people of Scotland. The theological doctrine preached by the clergy may depict one side of the national character, but no candid person will venture to affirm that they can give a full and complete view. It would be easy to give extracts from the sermons and writings of dignitaries of the Church of England in the seventeenth century, every whit as ridiculous as any that can be quoted from the sermons of Scotch divines. What is more, it would be easy to give selections from the sermons of living English preachers, enjoying boundless popularity among the middle and upper classes, containing the same opinions expressed in language every whit as offensive to good taste; but it would never enter into the head of any man, except that of a philosophical historian of the new school, to represent



them as giving a fair and full view of the English national character. The intellect of Scotland in the seventeenth century found vent through various other channels than the pulpit and the press. To mention only one,—if it was not an age of books, it was an age of ballads and songs. Scotland, as most people know, although Mr. Buckle has apparently never heard the fact, possesses a ballad literature remarkably rich and varied—satirical, humorous, sentimental, romantic, and pathetic. The Scottish people have always been passionately fond of their national ballads and songs, which were recited or sung with equal enthusiasm in the baron's castle and the peasant's cottage, and which have exercised a most powerful influence in moulding the national character. A famous Scottish statesman of the seventeenth century was so much impressed with the effect they had produced upon his countrymen, that he declared, if he were allowed to compose the songs of a nation, he cared not who enacted its laws. Now, the view which the Scottish ballads give of the character of the nation is wide as the poles asunder from that presented by its theological literature. A truly philosophical historian would be careful to trace the effect of each, to show how they modify one another, and how both may be harmonized. But the very existence of these important social agencies is not even mentioned in Mr. Buckle's work.

T.

## FINE ARTS.

*The Inferno of Dante.* Illustrated by Gustave Doré. (Paris: Hachette.)

THE taste of Doré you might spread on the surface of a threepenny-bit, but his genius and invention would fill the Mint from roof to cellar. These illustrations to the *Inferno* are fresh proofs of the prodigality of his imagination, of the tropical wealth and fertility of his grotesque fancy. Of all the book-illustrators who have lived, this young Frenchman is perhaps the most extraordinary and unique. He is no colourist, for his pictures are often as muddy and lurid as they are absurd, painful, or disgusting. He is no spiritualist, for his conceptions are often loathsome to the last degree; he is not a statuesque master of form, for his drawing is often slipshod, vague, and bad; but yet, with all these defects, he is a great master of the Rabelaisian and the weird in Art.

A frank, bold, democratic-looking young man, with the ends of a reckless plaid comforter blowing behind him, we remember some years ago, at an exhibition, seeing a fine photograph of Doré, thus depicting him side by side with one of the good-natured, merry, negro-faced Dumas, whose thickest-bush of curly hair afforded a singular contrast to the scander, leaner, and wilder tresses of the young genius. Since that time we have studied with astonishment and delight Doré's chief efforts in Art—his illustrations of the *Wandering Jew*, of Balzac's licentious *Contes Drôlatiques*, of Rabelais's comic romance, and of Dante's sublime and mournful poem.

In the *Wandering Jew* Doré led us from Calvary all over the ancient and modern world, over the Alps and the Andes, along the castled Rhine, through forests; he tossed us in shipwrecks and scourged us with lightnings; he did not lay down his prolific pencil till the last trumpet was sounded, and the Everlasting Jew (as the Germans call him) took off his worn-out boots, and laid him down to rest in peace. The illustrations were full of errors of taste; but in spite of these errors they were matchless; there was such an originality, such a fire, such a daring in them; they were so full, they were so startling. Towers a thousand feet high, and all a Frenchman's love of blood and dirt, were forgotten when you once became en-

thralled by the laughing wizard. The second scene especially (even as a woodcut) was quite beyond all praise: the wet, gleaming road; the lurid light on the crucifix; the wind-tormented bushes; the drive forward of the conscience-stricken Jew, were effects never before attained on wood, and seldom even on canvas.

In *Rabelais*, Doré ran rather wild. He always had been unruly in harness; but here he really kicked away the last trace. He was grosser and more extravagant than even Rabelais. His drawing, too, was more than usually slovenly and rambling; yet there were some splendid exceptions—where the fun ran mountains high, where the drollery was lit with a sort of snapdragon flame, where the horror was murky, creeping, and intense. In the *Contes Drôlatiques* he perhaps attained his highest flight. The humour of Balzac, the grotesque pomp, the suggestive costume, enabled him to gambol as he liked. He was at home with Francis I. and the mock chivalry of the novelist's spurious antiques. The wood engravers aided him with almost equal genius. He tried every effect of colour and chiaroscuro; he made sunshine run over his paper, jewels flash, and armour glitter. No extravagance was too great for him to depict. He makes a knight cleaving in two even halves the lover who kneels at his guilty wife's feet; the smoking heart of the guilty lover leaping into her lap. He makes knights lift horses on their lances. If he gives a battle, he makes the air dark with flying arms, heads, and legs. No ghastly accompaniment of death and dissolution, but he depicts it. He floats his murder scenes with blood a foot deep; he never fails to introduce a dead body or a severed limb, if he can possibly find room for it. Yet the book is brimming with genius—with scenes luminous with original and intensely vivid imagination. His Francis I., that tremendous old Turk, is quite a creation: his enormous chest studded with an acre of jewels; from his little crimson puffed cap, the white plumes boil up in a perfect volcano; whether sheltering innumerable ladies under the banyan-tree of his feathers; in love or in war, Doré's Francis is always tremendous, sublime, and ridiculous. The piebald sunshine he scatters over his flowery summer meadows leading to "Nostre Dame de l'Esgrignolles" is delicious. His Mass, where the cathedral aisle is one frothy river of white helmet-plumes, is never to be forgotten. His Francis will live as long as Leslie's *Sancho*, or Tony Johannot's *Don Quixote*. A virgin forest could not be more redundant than this book, in which the artist has fairly equalled, if not (as some think) distanced his author. But in the *Contes Drôlatiques* Doré had an advantage that the *Inferno* does not afford him: he could there indulge his exuberant and sometimes almost buffoon humour; but Dante never smiles—he is grave as Time, mournful as Death, stern as Fate. He never laughed on earth—how, then, in hell itself? Dante is too much in earnest, too intent on scourging the dead, to laugh; and this is rather hard on Doré, who, with Dumas, has proved that a Frenchman can have humour, to a redundancy, even without a tinge of Negro blood.

In all his progress through the regions of ice and fire, Doré has been very happy in retaining a vivid likeness of Dante; he burns into the paper, that look of a dead Caesar, that almost feminine sad sternness, that dilating eye, that corpse-like nose, those wrung corpse-like cheeks, that strong chin, that hopeless bitter mouth, that thin monastic form, that compressed brow.

Doré's trees are admirable: he could find them to sit gratuitously for him at Fontaine-

bleau; but his rockwork is dull, monotonous, and conventional; he varies it and exaggerates it with the instinct of genius, but it is never learned or true. The stone has no variety of grain, strata, or texture. It is, at the best, a poor earthy sort of sandstone; the great lines and curves of granite, the fine fracture of marble, the shelly, flaky crumbling of slate, Doré seems not to appreciate. In this respect we suppose he is too impatient to study, and will therefore remain a daring sketcher to the end of his days. *Tant pis pour lui.*

The artist leads us down to Hell by easy and picturesque stages, between scaled tree-trunks and through the monster claws of darkening tree-roots; by stony cliffs where the allegorical leopard and lion meet the Florentine poet; then by the awful defile, where no light is left us, but high up a bar of white between closing rocks, and that little light too horned horribly with black boughs; then lower and lower down, till, at last, below mountain ridges jagging the twilight, the two poets see dim over a yawning blackness the "Lasciate ogni speranza;"—another step into that jet darkness and they are in Hell. Charon now drives forward his coffin boat towards them over the sluggish sea, now beats before him the herds of unwilling dead. The twin poets begin their tour of all the horrible cells in that vast burning dungeon of sin. They see Minos, vast and Titanic, watching the whirlwind atoms who pass by him to judgment. They behold the air thick with circling whirlpools of lost souls; they stop and converse of their misery with Francesca and her unhappy lover, who are floating sadly together, linked for ever in one common and hopeless doom.

And here we may stop for a moment on our ghastly journey, and observe that it is a singular proof of one of Doré's great defects, that the two worst illustrations in the book are those of Francesca's love, and of the group of poets seated under the trees of Elysium. Pure love and quiet contemplation become always insipid in Doré's hand. He must be in motion or in some vigorous effort of imagination, or he is dull and commonplace. Francesca is not even pretty, and every Frenchman can draw a pretty face. In a word, Doré reminds us of the old proverb about French soldiers,—“In attack more than men; in retreat less than women.” When he is not very good, Doré is very bad indeed: when he is not higher than the eagle, he is down in the mud deeper than ever plummet sounded.

Dante and Doré pass Cerberus and that horrible old railing Pluto, who reminds us always so much of Bunyan's toothless giant. They come to that Sisyphean hill where the wicked are striving eternally to roll up huge mountainous sacks of gold. They pass the Stygian river, where the waters are coagulated with the struggling bodies of the damned, and here and there stay to hear the sorrows and self-accusations of Dante's former companions in war and council; while Virgil addresses the mutinous dead, who rage together to see a living creature within the flaming walls of their eternal prison. Deeper into a still more awful region of the *Inferno*, Doré leads us and shows us through a witch-fog above the entrance-tower “the Three Furies,” their spiked and horny wings entwined with serpents; and as the angel ushers in the travellers the lost spirits at the gate groan, howl, and tear themselves in their bitter agony. We then reach a dismal valley, lighted only by the flames oozing from innumerable tombs, beneath which still lie the lost “heresiarchs.” With one of these, “Farinata degli Uberti,” who rises from the flame, Dante holds converse about

Florentine politics; and after this the voyagers stop a moment, to ponder over the vast mountain of rock that covers the fiery prison of one of the bad Popes; and this enormous slab, billowed with smoke and resting on the slope of a wind-swept hill, Doré has drawn with great power and imagination.

They pass the Minotaur (a rather pantomimic monster, by the bye), and approach the black lake, where the Centaurs are charging round to prevent the escape of the miserable strugglers in the waters. The fury of these mounted devils is vigorously given.

The vortex of the Inferno specially devoted to the Harpies (canto decimo-terzo) furnishes Doré's best subjects. The loathsome and wretched bird-women are truly terrible; nothing can be more grotesquely terrible than the claws, roots, and prostrate trunks of trees that he has transformed into distorted men and seated fossil satyrs, the hoofs and broken antlers being suggested by the snapped branches, the gnarled spurs and anchoring roots. Perhaps no part of Dante is so full of boundless grief and bottomless despair as this Thirteenth Canto. The scene where the two men appear so fiercely chased by savage dogs is a fine example of Doré's imaginative power. The leafless trees toss up their thorny lances in horror and alarm; nightmare-faces of fixed terror stand here and there, only half transformed through the trunks, and through this wood the naked fugitives burst and tear for their lives, the glaring eyes raging after them.

The next scene is on the plains of burning sand, where, under a rain of fire, writhe the bad kings who have specially sinned against God; to this fiery rain Doré has given a special swiftness and keenness. And now, over black abysses and jettyspikes of mountain-tops, Dante and Virgil descend to a lower deep, on the back of a gigantic human-headed, winged dragon, and come to the "Bolgia" specially devoted to ruffians and seducers of women, whom the devils are lashing and driving with scorpion-whips. They come to choking seas of filth, and to pits of fire where bad prelates and simoniacal popes are steeped, head downwards.

They then reach a lake of boiling pitch, where hoofed and bat-winged devils are entangling their pitchforks in the hair of the wretches they torture, and sopping them into the fire. Their leader, Malacoda, at first leads on his cohort with bristling weapons to assail the poets, but they, proving their power, prevail on him to grant them an escort of devils.

Flying from the rage of these wicked spirits, who fall to fighting and tearing each other's hearts almost out, the venturous poets reach another "Bolgia," where they meet an infinite procession of hypocrites wearing leaden hoods; and in a catacomb valley, come upon the Pharisees who persecuted Christ lying stretched out crucified upon the road.

In the seventh "Bolgia" are thousands of robbers entangled in thickets of snakes; and after this they come to a vortex where a swordsman-devil continually lops, hews, and disembowels the promoters of discord among men, such as Mahomet, Peter de' Medici, and Bertrand de Borne. The latter advances to them, holding his own bleeding head in his hands, and confesses his sins. In this scene Doré really gives us too much of the horrible in the wretch in the foreground, with the newly amputated thighs, who is drawn with a horrid hospital knowledge of such horrors. With untiring mind and hand, thus Doré follows Dante's footsteps through Hell—looking down from all sorts of black ledges, slippery precipices, murky valleys, and sable walls, at the heaps of suffering and agonized creatures,

writhing, howling, groaning, and weeping, in mad or in sullen suffering. Stony hills, salt and desert, perforated with snake-holes—dismal hollows, where the damned spirits wrestle, curse, and fight—lone places, where special sinners groan in solitude—bring us on to the vast wells where the giants suffer, one of whom, taking up the two poets in one enormous hand, lets them down safely into a lower region of unutterable misery.

Here is the sea of ice where traitors and parricides are frozen: beyond this Dante sees the two wretches tearing each other's scalps, and then proceeds to tell the ghastly story of Ugolino—which Doré has not done justice to; and here, too, the poet's imagination has been too Oriental and vigorous for Doré's fancy; he cannot represent the King of Hell with his three mouths, each chewing a sinner, he from whose wings proceed the mist and frost, who stands suspended in the centre of the earth. Doré's monster is a poor theatrical Caliban, that would be hissed at in a second-rate pantomime. But whose imagination would not flag after such a journey? and who is not glad as Dante to get once more to the higher world? exclaiming

"La via è lunga, e l'esaminio è malvagio!"

In conclusion, we must own that, although hardly severe and spiritual enough to thoroughly realize Dante's sublime nightmares, Gustave Doré has done what few other men living could do. He has seen much of what Dante saw in that ghastly tour from earth to the lowest abyss. He has certainly gone far beyond Flaxman and Blake, and approached near to Buonarroti, who drew much of his inspiration from Dante; indeed, where he could, Doré, with the true boldness and carelessness of genius, has not disdained to borrow from the gigantic Florentine. What Dante saw, he saw distinctly, sharply, and materially, as so much sculpture. Now Doré is not a sculptural artist; he is too fond of light, shade, and all sorts of firework *diablerie*, for that. But he has, after all, we must confess, the one essential quality—imagination. He alone could show us the flying dragons, the galloping centaurs, the wrangling demons, the imprisoned giants, the fiery sepulchres, the mythological tortures, the deposed gods of the Greeks, the tormented sinners. Wherever fancy can weave her wildest, there Doré sits in the centre, like a spider, and catches us for certain in his web; but he must not imagine that he has exhausted Dante. No; to greater and wiser heads it is still left to portray the intense burden of grief—the hopeless weight of wrong—the spiritual struggle—the epic vastness—that mapping out as of one vast supernatural gaol of all possible human sin and sorrow, that we find in Dante's *Inferno*.

#### THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

WITH how little wisdom the world is governed is never made more conspicuously manifest than when the House of Commons is compelled to stumble over questions of Art. The witty Canon of St. Paul's said that every man fancied himself capable of driving a gig, or editing a newspaper; and, in the same way, every man who reaches Parliament evidently considers himself capable of pronouncing upon matters of taste. But just as one of the old divines illustrated the positions of the blest, by likening the saints to great jars and smaller ones, all being full, so among our legislators there are all degrees of taste and pretension, from the "ray" of Lord Elcho, up to the "great gaslight" of Mr. Tite; and this week there has been quite an illumination, with all the tapers

blazing according to their measure. At one of the meetings held to promote the School of Design at Manchester, one of the cotton lords pronounced what sold best to be the truest standard of taste; and ridiculed the idea of a new order of architecture, as our fathers ridiculed the idea of railways. But in spite of Manchester, the new order has appeared; and that it may be thoroughly national, it has been baptized, in a shower of incoherent garbage, the Conservative style. One of the party organs gravely declares that admiration for Gothic coincides with adherence to Conservative principles; and that this is "no accident," but "is part and parcel of the eternal fitness of things;" while the same eternal fitness—whatever that may be—is said to show as clearly that Whigs and Liberals must be devotees of the Palladian. This theory has the two advantages of novelty and utility to commend it; and while the one may provoke a smile, the other may help to unriddle the tactics adopted by some of the Conservative leaders in regard to the Foreign Office contest. It will be recollected, that some years ago Government advertised for designs for a Foreign Office, and the competition was to be open to the world. Some hundreds of architects responded to the invitation, and only those, who have engaged in such competitions, can estimate the expense, as well as thought and anxiety attending them. A committee of taste was named, consisting of eminent architects, artists, and connoisseurs, and the prizes were awarded—the first to two young men who were, comparatively speaking, beginning life, and the generous-minded rejoiced at their success. The second prize was also gained by young men, and both these designs were in what is called the Italian style. These young men received the amounts of their respective prizes; but of course the real prize in all such cases is the honour of doing the work, and the usual commission thereupon, which in this case would be £10,000 on the present estimate, but which will probably be more than double that amount before the work is completed. It soon began to be whispered about that Government was not satisfied; the successful competitors were too young, they wanted experience, and had done few large jobs; and every possible excuse was put forth to prevent the legal fulfilment of the moral contract. At length Lord John Manners boldly faced the difficulty; and upon the theory that Gothic is, in the eternal fitness of things, the true Conservative order, his Lordship threw these prize-men overboard, and appointed Mr. Scott to build a Foreign Office in form of a monastic institution. This was one of the last acts of this lordly poet's official life; and although Lord Palmerston on entering office could not undo the wrong which had been perpetrated upon the successful competitors, he yet determined that the object for which the moral fraud had been got up, should not prosper; and although this one-idea'd sect had so schemed, as to plant their representative in possession, yet he could only be allowed to reap its fruits by practically carrying out the style to which the first premium had been awarded. Mr. Scott's friends said he should not, and many thought he had no course open but refusal and consequent resignation; but that was entirely matter of opinion, and he prefers building a Palladian Foreign Office to no Foreign Office at all.

The debate which has ended this discreditable job was a curious example of senatorial wisdom. Lord Elcho, being considered one of the great guns on the subject, opened fire in favour of the Goths; and it was cruel in the House not to cheer his Lordship, when in



much humility he said, "he had not made architecture his study;" but the speech soon indicates that however others may believe that truth, Lord Elcho is of a very different opinion. He spoke, as he always does on Art-subjects, as an authority; and in order to sustain his reputation he escaped the only points on which any special knowledge was required. He did not offer reasons why Gothic was superior to Italian; "and as to the objection that the Gothic was ecclesiastical, he might pass that by." Having thus got rid of the only two points worth discussion, he became smart in a small way upon City buildings, and only rose when revelling in contradictions. "Any one," said Lord Elcho, "who stood on London Bridge, and looked first upon the southern side and then passed to that street of palaces, as it has been called, could not fail to be struck by the unutterable meanness and want of originality of our street architecture." Now people might reasonably suppose that good Italian would be at least better than this; but no—Italian is more degraded still, and Lord Elcho prophesies, "What would happen would be this. If his noble friend came down and asked a million of money to erect a large public building in the Italian style, no doubt an imposing structure would be built; but that building would give the keynote to other buildings. Our street-architecture would degenerate." What would then become of the lordling prophet? His vocabulary has been already exhausted: to him, the "meanness" of our street-architecture is already "unutterable;" and how shall he describe that deeper degeneracy which he prophetically ascribes to the erection of a Palladian Foreign Office? But his Lordship's case is not so deplorable as it seems. Being without precise knowledge upon any branch of Art or taste, he has merely caught the cant of fashionable dilettantism, and dressed that up for the service of his sect, the majority of whom have neither knowledge of, nor interest in, the subject; and who prefer Gothic to Italian, just as they do "Aunt Sally" to skittles, because, in such preferences, they suppose themselves to be doing the fashionable thing. The speech of Mr. Buxton was even more ridiculous than that of Lord Elcho: not that he advocated Gothic because the different capabilities of the two styles, in elevation and utility, are open questions to all capable of legitimate argument on their respective merits; but men of the Buxton stamp are above such humdrum discussions, and from the depths of his own profound knowledge Mr. Buxton assured Lord Palmerston, "that if he built the Foreign Office in Palladian, it would not be enjoyed, but execrated, by the rising generation of men of taste." There is no answering such orators, and the wisest votaries of Gothic must now be only anxious to save it from its friends.

Mr. Layard wisely left the region of prophecy to the smaller men, and betook himself to the merits of the question; and with him we shall endeavour to exchange thoughts on the subject. With him, all men of thought upon such subjects must consider it as the great Art anomaly of this country, that while we have created a national style in poetry, painting, and music, and a national literature, we should still be further from a national style in architecture, than when Wren built St. Paul's, or Jones, and others almost equal in ability, erected structures which still excite our admiration. Why this should be so, was a theme on which Mr. Layard might have discoursed with propriety, and perhaps advantage. It is admitted, that in any such style "authority," as Mr. Layard used that word, must to a certain

extent be set aside; but not, surely, to the extent which his speech would lead the House and the public to believe proper. He said, "That house, for example, was a Gothic building. The exterior had all the beauty of the Gothic style, but the interior had all the inconveniences which characterized buildings in the time of our forefathers." So with modern Classic buildings. We had beautiful exteriors in the Classic style, but the interiors were such as for the most part prevented us from enjoying what we all wanted—the light of heaven. Now what does all this mean? Hitherto, in all Art, authority has established unity, not uniformity, to be one of the most fixed laws of success, and that the individual parts shall partake of the qualities, and in some measure repeat the characteristics, of the whole. This is the great law of composition, not in one but in all Arts, and that, not because it is a dogma of the schools, but a truth which the wisdom of ages has elaborated out of the teachings of universal nature. Does Mr. Layard, as his speech would lead the public to believe, propose that in architecture this principle of unity should be reversed?—that we should have Gothic elevations with Classic interiors, and vice versa? If not, what was the value or import of his opening sentences? He surely could never mean to perpetuate that delusion which the more ardent Goths have been attempting to fix in the public mind, anent the Houses of Parliament. That delusion consists in first denouncing the style of Gothic in which the Houses are built, for its want of purity, and then alleging, rather than directly affirming, that it is because of this so-called impurity of style, that the internal inconveniences have arisen. Mr. Layard knows that exactly the reverse of this is the case,—that the inconveniences have been created by the amount of Gothic character introduced: and just in proportion as that is purer, so are internal inconveniences increased. But with men like Mr. Layard, capable of thinking and reasoning on such subjects, there are two preliminary questions to be settled. Is architecture, or is it not, a representative Art? And if so, what are the ideas a Foreign Office should represent? Apart from what may be considered the abstract teachings of different forms, take this representative quality of architecture upon the lower, but more practical ground, of association of ideas. Of course, if the representative power of architectural objects be denied, then its power of exciting ideas, and its teaching influence are at an end, and, except as a mere matter of individual liking or disliking, the worst and best styles of architecture are reduced to the same level. But Mr. Layard cannot believe anything so foolish, and the advocates of Gothic in many cases are so, because of the representative character which they affirm belongs to their favourite style. What, then, are the associations connected with Gothic which make Mr. Layard prefer it to Roman, or Grecian, or Italian? We can understand why Conservatives, who see a connection in the eternal fitness of things between their political creed and Gothic (although we had hoped that questions of Art might have been kept as neutral ground, on which men of all politics might meet), would yearn for the revival of those good old times when their will was law, and law was administered through the Church; and if any still think this the better state of society, they are entitled to hold that opinion; but how does Mr. Layard reconcile his ultra-liberalism with his preference for architecture which, if it have any influence at all upon the public mind, must be all in opposition to the political and religious professions

of the erudite member for Southwark? Or does he too, mean to reduce architecture to an unimportant nonentity—into a mere matter of liking or disliking? This would be a sorry conclusion for a man of his mark to arrive at, and one from which his better judgment will recoil.

But there was another error into which Mr. Layard and some of the other Gothic orators slipped, which is just worth noticing. They talked about our street architecture being destitute of "beauty," and Mr. Layard instanced the new part of Paris, in illustration of that dullness which is consequent upon uniformity. There was as much truth in the illustration as makes it plausible, although there lurks beneath it a huge æsthetical mistake, when applied to the street architecture of London. The contrast these Goths want to make, is as between what they call the dullness of the Classic, and the variety of Gothic architecture. But it is not admitted that cities cannot be built so as to combine variety and classic beauty, while it is affirmed that cities built in Gothic have never risen above the level of the lower qualities of the picturesque—a quality as inferior to the truly beautiful, as the moon is to the sun in brilliancy. The gable-ends in the old parts of Paris, in which Mr. Layard seeks refuge for his wearied taste, are admittedly picturesque, and this is chiefly produced by meeting occasionally agreeable combinations of incongruities, which seem to be the true bases of the picturesque. But if Mr. Layard wishes to understand the distinction between that and the beautiful, in the composition of architectural subjects, let him compare one of the best of these continental streets, by Prout, with the *Ancient Italy*, by Turner, where the variety and combination of Classic forms realize the appellation—beautiful.

Into the other portions of the debate we cannot enter, and shall only refer to the masculine style in which Lord Palmerston extinguished the small talk of his dilettante opponents. His one sentence—"beauty is one, and ugliness is various"—embraced the whole kernel of that so-called taste which is taking possession of so many of our younger architects—not so much taste as convenience, which flows from being able to call every wretched conceit, or gimcrack gowgaw, Gothic, but many of which are enough to make the ghosts of the Goths start from their hiding-places, and cry shame on such devices. We admire Gothic, and would be quite as ready to defend all worthy of that title in its proper place; but believing, also, that architecture ought to be a representative art, we can see in other styles ideas more in harmony with the present life, with the social and secular action of England, than any found in the teachings of mediævalism.

THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

THE Members of the Royal Institute of British Architects opened on Wednesday evening their rooms, for a conversazione, having collected a magnificent exhibition of works of Art, supplied by her most gracious Majesty; the Count d'Azeglio, Sardinian Minister; Mr. Beresford Hope; Mr. Henry Hope; Mr. John Henderson, F.S.A.; Mr. Tite, M.P., F.S.A.; Baron Rothschild; Mr. Cockerell, late Pres. R.I.B.A.; and Messrs. Manton, P. Norton, E. Falkener, A. Barker, Bohn, Addington, Karl Werner, J. Ruskin, Richardson, J. Bell, J. Holland, C. Eastlake, J. W. Brett, G. J. Morant, Seddon, and Rosetti. The grand staircase was tastefully festooned with evergreens and summer flowers, and on no occasion have the rooms of the Institute appeared to better advantage, being lined with the finest productions of various epochs in national and foreign art, and filled with an assembly of visitors, who were able to

appreciate their value and beauty. The Institute of British Architects has supplemented a season which has already been rendered notable by the exhibitions of the Society of Antiquaries, the Archaeological Institute, and the Ironmongers' Company, each, it is gratifying to add, having been enriched by the contributions of the Sovereign, ever ready to promote such good works.

In the rooms occupied by the Architectural Exhibition we observed a series of designs for Westminster Improvements, by the lamented Sir C. Barry. Upon the walls were suspended a large collection of contributed pictures: among them were *Heads*, by Frith, including the well-known *Waitress*; *Embarcation*, by Collins; *Eastern Lady*, by MacIise; *Hookah Bardar*, by Wilkie; *Place de Puçelle*, Ronen, by Edridge; *Durham Cathedral*, Prout; *Crosby Hall*, Cotman; several water-colour drawings, by Cattermole; *Sunset*, by E. W. Cooke; *Before St. Mark's*, Canaletti; *Battle-field*, by D'Arpino; *Musical Party*, by Caravaggio; *Return to Port*, by Stanfield; *The Assumption of the Virgin*, by Vandyke; *Madonna*, by Van der Goer; another by Crivelli; and a third by Van Eyck; water-colour drawings by Frapp; *St. Christopher*; *Scene from the Merchant of Venice*, by E. Smirke; *Hawking Party*, by Wouvermans; *Fruit*, by Lance; *Cavaliers*, by Vandyke; *Dogs*, by Landseer; *A Rustic Party*, by Wilkie; *Young Lantern-Maker of Cairo*, by Holman Hunt; *Kingfisher's Haunt*, by Millais.

Enamels; bronze medallions, by Benvenuto Cellini; a *Venus*, by Ghiberti; a bronze, by Canova; *The Genius of Eternal Repose*, a Greek antique; *Laocoon*, of the fifteenth century; *Apollo*, by Zol-foli; *Cupid and Psyche*, of the fifteenth century (*cire pendu*), intervened between the preceding and following pictures. A portrait, unknown; *Dr. Johnson*, by Reynolds; drawings, by Stothard; *A Church in Venice*, by Canaletti; landscape, by Gainsborough; portrait, by Velazquez; *The Scourging*, by Raphael; *St. Mark's Place*, by Canaletti; views, by Müller; *Duke of Mantua*, by Giorgione; *Cavalier and Lady*, a design for tapestry, by Rubens; landscape, by G. Poussin; *Madonna*, by Sasso Ferrato; *Benediction*, by B. Gazzoli; triptych of the fourteenth century; *Madonna*, by Baldovenetti; *Madonna*, by D'Urbino; *St. Sebastian*, by Francois; *A Marriage*, by Dello Delli; *A Madonna*, by Pinturicchio, 1454-1513; coloured sketches, by J. Ruskin; pen and ink sketches, by Pierius del Vaga; *Her-cules*, a chalk drawing, by Rubens; *A Battle*, chalk drawing, by Polidoro; drawings, by Turner; *The Madonna*, a study, by Raphael; views, by Karl Werner and Karl Haag; *St. John*, by Bronzino; *A Centaur*, by Salvator Rosa; *Battle Abbey*, by D. Cox; *St. Sebastian*, by A. del Sarto; *A Battle*, by Van der Meulen; an *Ecce Homo*, by Mazzolino di Ferrara; and *A Battle*, by Huttenburgh.

The lecture-room, library, and council chamber contained various specimens lent by the Secretary of State for India,—powder-flasks, belts, inlaid armour, swords, matchlocks, spears, Java daggers, caps; besides these were majolica ware, a jewelled and enamelled chalice of the thirteenth century; a drawing, with Wren's autograph at the back; original designs by Flaxman, in two vols., illustrating the Poems of Homer; Books of the Hours, Missals, and Psalters, gorgeously illuminated; and manuscript Classics; a copy of Linnæus, annotated by Gray, with Latin notes, and illustrated with pen and ink sketches; an album of initial letters; six volumes of sketch-books, by Pugin, such as he drew in after dinner; a Terence, an Italian manuscript of the sixteenth century; Armenian manuscripts; a chasuble, with figures of saints, c. 1270, and the rest of the work c. 1430; a collection of ivories, staff-heads, combs, triptychs, &c., from tenth to the fifteenth century, lent by Mr. Webb; services of old Dresden china, lent by Count D'Azeoglio; a brass lectern, with standard and a crucifix of the fifteenth century; autographs of Sir C. Wren and his contemporaries, lent by J. J. Cole; a fresco portrait by Guido, and frescoes of the East, contributed by Mr. Layard.

Specimens of turquoise blue Turkey China, two Celadon vases in ornolu, and an Augsburg clock, were lent by her Majesty. Large brass inlaid bowls, Sarracenic, yet carrying a coat of arms (on a fess a sword, in chief a swan); Turkish polygonal tables, of great taste; large salvers; Peruvian caskets;

Siculo-Moorish vase, of the time of Count Roger, c. 1080; silver flagree perfume sprinkler and ewer; and a book-rest for the Koran, were exhibited by E. Falkener. Examples of Chinese ware and enamel ware were shown by Clayton and Bell. Besides these treasures were inlaid metalwork, silver-gilt vases; crystal monstrances; Persian pottery; Majolica ware; mediæval gold rings; crystal vases, with a cover with gold enamel; a silver-gilt girdle sown with pearls; an egg-shaped bonbonniere; a gilt ampulla, with an ivory head, of the twelfth century; a Limoges tazza, by J. Courton; an ivory tankard, by Fiamingo; a pair of candlesticks, temp. Francis I.; a Limoges tazza, by Leonard Limosin, exhibited by Mr. H. Farrer. Then there were iron carvings by Zolaaga, shown by Mr. H. T. Hope; wood carvings, by De Montreuil and Leonard; a mural Egyptian tablet, c. 200; an Indian chess-board; an exquisite ivory pastoral staff, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century; large specimens of enamelled Limoges ware; majolica dishes, by Giorgio, and representing the Rape of Helen, by Fraxanthe; bronze bas-reliefs; an ivory bowl, with a Hunting Scene, 1671-3; Italian bronzes and a Roman cinerary urn; an Italian marble bust of the fifteenth century; an ivory candelabrum; a hollow metal head of the thirteenth century, and enamelled China ware. The walls of the lecture-room were adorned with some very clever sketches by Mr. Falkener.

The Exhibition will remain open on Thursday and Friday, but admission is only granted to persons specially invited or provided with tickets or cards issued by the Members of the Council. The value of the works exhibited is estimated at the enormous sum of half a million sterling.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The short-lived career of Italian Opera at the Lyceum, whether successful or not, in a pecuniary point of view, has exercised no perceptible influence on the destinies of Covent Garden, where the audiences have at all times been full, sometimes overcrowded. On Tuesday evening, Mme. Grisi undertook the part of *Valentine*, in "Les Huguenots," for the last time on the English stage; the performance of this opera at this house has been so frequently noticed in our columns, that any comment now would be superfluous. The impersonation of *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni," by Mlle. Patti, detracts somewhat from the interest caused by Grisi's representation of *Donna Anna*; but the success of the whole opera is such as to warrant Mr. Gye's announcement of one more performance. To Mlle. Patti we are also indebted for a revival of Grisi's "Traviata." For obvious reasons the character is one which Mlle. Tietjens will never attempt, and Mlle. Patti will probably enjoy a monopoly of this rôle for some years to come. The obverse of the picture painted in such pleasing colours by Beaujolais, is here presented to us: and the horrors resulting from an "arrangement temporary or otherwise," are depicted by Mlle. Patti with such vivid reality and distinctness of conception, that the aristocratic matrons of Belgravia, including the "Sorrowing Mother of Seven," will no longer entertain any feelings but those of unmitigated disgust at the false and short-lived gaiety of the "pretty horse-breakers."

### BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

Between the grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, with which the seventh Recital terminated, and the Sonata in E minor, Op. 109, dedicated to Mlle. Maximiliana Brentano, nothing of importance intervenes; the only piece being ten variations for the piano, with flute or violin accompaniment, Op. 107; and an arrangement for the piano (with violin and violoncello accompaniments) of twenty-five Scotch songs, amongst which are "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie!" "The Lovely Lass of Inverness," "The Sweetest Lad was Jamie," &c.; this work, Op. 108, undertaken at the request and at the expense of Thomson, a music-seller of Edinburgh, enjoys a much more extensive reputation abroad than in England, where it is comparatively unknown. All the above works, together with the Sonata in A flat,

Op. 110, were composed during the year 1821, and at the commencement of the following year, 1822, during the month of January, the last Sonata of the great "tone poet," Op. 111, was ushered into the world of art. Carl Czerny, the well-known musician, whose opinions on this point are certainly entitled to consideration, not only from his own eminence in the same art, but on account of his intimacy with, and personal knowledge of, Beethoven, refers these three Sonatas, Op. 109, Op. 110, Op. 111, to a much earlier period; and, in corroboration of this view, he shows that they were written for a piano of five and a half octaves only, and not for one with a compass of six octaves, as is the case with his last pianoforte Sonatas. Against this view there are three objections: 1st, the general plan of these Sonatas, so different from his earlier manner; 2nd, the fact that each of the last five solo Sonatas contains an example of fugue-writing, more or less developed, to which Beethoven, at this particular period of his life, paid especial attention; and 3rd, the inscriptions upon some of them, in Beethoven's own hand-writing, bearing the dates 1821 and 1822, the original manuscripts being preserved in the Library of Vienna. It may be mentioned here, too, that the only Sonatas to which Beethoven would condescend to fix any metronomic indications are those just mentioned, Op. 106, Op. 109, Op. 110, Op. 111.

### Eighth and Last Recital, Friday, July 5th.

#### PROGRAMME.

Sonata in E major, Op. 109	Beethoven.
Vivace ma non troppo—E major.	
Adagio espressivo—E major.	
Tempo primo—E major.	
Adagio espressivo—E major.	
Tempo primo—E major.	
Prestissimo—E minor.	
Andante molto cantabile con Variazioni—E major.	
Song, "Adelaide"	Beethoven.
Sonata in A flat major, Op. 110	Beethoven.
Moderato cantabile molto espressivo—A flat major.	
Allegro molto—F minor.	
Adagio ma non troppo—A flat minor.	
Fugue, Allegro ma non troppo—A flat major.	
Adagio ma non troppo—G minor.	
Allegro ma non troppo—G minor.	
Allegro—G minor.	
Barcarole	Mendelssohn.
Sonata in C minor, Op. 111	Beethoven.
Introduzione, Maestoso—C minor.	
Allegro con brio ed appassionata—C minor.	
Arietta, Adagio molto semplice cantabile—C major.	

From this time to the close of his life, in 1827, we have no more of these piano-symphonies; but this period witnessed the production of some of his most remarkable compositions, as the following list will show. "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 112, for four voices and orchestra; "The Ruins of Athens," Op. 113, Op. 114; Grand Overture, "Namensfeier," Op. 110; the celebrated tetratzo, "Tremate, empi, tremate," Op. 116; Overture to King Stephen, Op. 117; Elegiac Song, for four voices, Op. 118; twelve bagatelles for the piano, Op. 119; thirty-three variations on a waltz by Diabelli, Op. 120; Adagio and Rondo for piano, violin, and violoncello, Op. 121 a; Sacrificial Song, Op. 121 b; Bundeslied, Op. 122; Mass in D minor, Op. 123; Overture in C, "Weihe des Hauses," Op. 124; the Ninth or Choral Symphony, Op. 125; six bagatelles for piano, Op. 126; stringed Quartett in E flat, Op. 127; "The Kiss," Op. 128; a Song, for a single voice, with piano accompaniment; Rondo and Capriccio for piano, in G major, Op. 129; stringed Quartett in B flat, Op. 130; stringed Quartett in C sharp minor, Op. 131; Quartett in A minor, Op. 132, dedicated, like its two predecessors, Op. 127, Op. 130, to Prince Nicolas Galtzitz; Grand Fugue, for stringed instruments in B major, *tantôt libre, tantôt recherchée*, Op. 133; an arrangement of the same for piano, Duett, Op. 134; Quartett in E major, Op. 135; a Cantata, Op. 136, for four voices and orchestra, performed for the first time at the Congress of Vienna in the year 1814, dedicated to the three German rulers, Francis the First of Austria, Nicholas of Russia, and Frederick William of Prussia. In the catalogue of Beethoven's works, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, a fugue in D major is marked as Op. 137, and one of the Leonora Overtures in C, marked as Op. 138; but as the former, Op. 137, was composed in the year 1817, and the latter in 1805, they should not, chronologically considered, be entitled to a place here; in ad-



dition, there are between sixty and seventy works to which no Opus is affixed.

With what success Mr. Hallé has accomplished his arduous task, is evident from the constantly increasing audiences, which assembled to hear the performance of these masterpieces; and it says something for the musical taste of the public, that with so much to attract elsewhere, the Beethoven Recitals asserted and maintained their claims to superiority. For ourselves, we gladly confess the unqualified pleasure which we have invariably derived from these entertainments; and we do not hesitate to affirm that as there is but one composer whose works (for one instrument only, let it be remembered) would have sufficient power to attract an audience for eight successive performances, so there is but one artist in England capable of affording us an adequate interpretation of them, and that one artist is Mr. Charles Hallé.

## MUSICAL ART UNION.

Consistent from first to last, these concerts have been marked by three distinctive characteristics:—novelty, brevity, and excellence. Cherubini's noble Requiem in C minor, although not performed now for the first time in London, is still a novelty sufficient to attract all the musical dilettanti to hear its performance, which on this occasion was as perfect as possible, making allowances for the unavoidable drawbacks in the execution of a work, where the several pieces are made to succeed each other consecutively, instead of being spread over the whole day, as would be the case were the Requiem to be performed in its proper place. The seven movements of which the work consists, namely, The Introit, The Graduale, Dies Iræ, The Offertory, The Sanctus, Pie Jesu, and the Agnus Dei, distinct in character, are all marked by a solemn and devotional beauty, that places it in the very highest class of ecclesiastical compositions, inferior only in majesty of conception, to Beethoven's Grand Mass in D. We sincerely hope that this noble specimen of a composer, more known to us by name than from any real acquaintance with his works, will be presented again by the members of this Society, and rather earlier in the season, before the mind becomes exhausted by the usual round of season concerts. "The Erl-King's Daughter," by Niels Gade, was the other choro-orchestral composition at this concert; but, coming after so impressive a work as Cherubini's Requiem, its beauties were not so noticed as they would have been, had the piece stood alone in a programme. Mr. Blagrove's superb execution of Beethoven's Romanza in F (given for the first time, we believe, in England, with its proper orchestral accompaniments), was a real treat; and hardly less so, Mme. Sherrington's rendering of the Non Temere, from "Idomeneo." Next season, the directors of this Society would do well to commence their campaign much earlier.

## MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

The members of the National Choral Association, of whose performances, both at Exeter Hall and the Crystal Palace, we have before spoken in terms of commendation, gave their last concert of the present season on Wednesday evening. The entertainment was of a miscellaneous character, comprising, amongst other pieces, Locke's Music to Macbeth; Mr. Martin's prize glee, "All Hail!" and a new choral march, specially addressed to volunteers. The solo vocalists were Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. Lambert. Ole Bull also was announced to perform, and the fantasia, by Thalberg, on airs from "Les Huguenots," was played by Herr Bonewitz, "the celebrated (?) American pianist." We almost fear that the growth of this Society has been too rapid to admit of a proper development of their powers; but we shall be glad to find, when the next musical season approaches, that we have been mistaken; nevertheless Mr. Martin must remember that a considerable amount of individual proficiency is indispensable towards securing general excellence. This week, too, brings the performances of the Schweizer Sängergesellschaft, or Swiss female singers, to a close. The unusually large number of musical entertainments this season has prevented us from giving them that attention to which their merits entitle them; and

we have been forced to content ourselves with two visits only, at the commencement and end of their career, only just sufficient to whet our musical appetite, and cause us to regret their departure.

Madame Rudersdorf's concert was agreeably distinguished from other entertainments of this class, by the performance of an operetta, "Out of Sight," by Mr. Frederic Clay, an amateur of some promise: the work however, though meritorious, must be considered rather as an earnest of future achievements than as a specimen of present power. In addition to the above concerts, we must add those of Madame Vaucheran, Mr. Aptommas, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Mr. Walworth. The last but one of the Crystal Palace Opera Concerts took place yesterday. Prince George Galitzin's concerts at the Surrey Gardens still continue as attractive as heretofore.

## ST. JAMES'S.

The French comedians at St. James's theatre have received an important accession to their number in the person of Mlle. Camille Lemerle, of the Comédie Française, who is dividing the honours of success with Mlle. Alice Théric already favourably known to the frequenters of this theatre. On Friday evening M. Angier's well-known and highly successful comedy "Les Effrontés" was performed for the first time, with Mlle. Lemerle as *La Marquise*, Mlle. Théric as *La Vicomtesse* and M. Paul Devaux in his favourite rôle of *Sergine*. With so powerful a cast, the piece was, as might be expected, most favourably received; but admirable as was the manner in which all these parts were sustained, scarcely less talent was shown in some of the minor parts. M. Gravier, as *Vernouillet*, acted with much spirit, and represented to the life the coolness and audacity of the unprincipled editor of the "Conscience Publique," and M. Richard was very effective as his sarcastic but plebeian coadjutor. M. Cornaglia was warmly received as *Le Marquis*, and Mlle. Milher looked charming as *Clémence*. Altogether we think "Les Effrontés" is likely to be a lasting favourite. The performances commenced with M. Plouvier's comedy "Trop beau pour rien faire."

## MISCELLANEA.

We hear that some beautiful statues, twelve in number, which have just been exhumed at Cyrene, under the superintendence of Lieut. Smith, the able assistant of Mr. C. T. Newton in his excavations at Budrum and Halicarnassus, were landed at Woolwich on Wednesday last; and that they will forthwith be forwarded to the British Museum, where they will be placed in a temporary shed until such time as the authorities of either the Museum or her Majesty's Government provide adequate accommodation for our rapidly-increasing galleries of ancient sculpture.

In the sitting of the Academy of Sciences on Tuesday, M. Leverrier spoke as follows on the subject of the comet:—"We do not know this comet; it is the first time it visits us, and those who have endeavoured to predict its course, determine its distance from the earth, and measure its tail, have either deceived themselves or the public. Three elements are necessary to calculate the orbit of a comet: first, the exact position of the star; then its velocity; and, lastly, the variation of velocity produced by the mass of the sun. I caused the comet to be observed on the 30th of June, and then on the night of the 1st and the morning of the 2nd inst., in order to determine the variation of velocity. These three observations would have followed too closely upon each other for the calculation to be attempted, were it not that the comet moves very rapidly. On the 3rd, at 10 a.m., M. Lévy brought me the result of his calculations, and we then obtained an insight into the orbit of the comet. Mr. Hind has since sent me the orbit calculated by the English astronomers, which perfectly agrees, in all but two minutes, with our results. It is now positive that this is not Charles the Fifth's comet; and moreover it resembles none of those already observed. This circumstance will contribute not a little to throw confusion upon the title we know of these erratic bodies. I cannot yet say

whether this comet is periodical or not; its orbit up to this day has been too cursorily determined to enable us to pronounce it elliptical, parabolical, or even hyperbolical. At any rate, appearances are against its return, for the orbit is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, while those of periodical comets usually form a very small angle with that plane. It is only now we can determine the distance of the comet from the earth, and the length of its tail. On the 30th of June the line joining the centre of the sun with that of the comet made an angle of four degrees with that joining the centres of the sun and earth, the length of which is known. The angle which this line formed with the visual ray, drawn from the eye of the observer to the centre of the comet, was 24 degrees. The triangle thus formed may, therefore, be calculated, and it gives us the distance of the comet from the earth, amounting to between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 of leagues (about 17,000,000 of miles English). The length of the tail might be similarly calculated. The comet is rapidly moving away from us, and it is therefore not surprising that its brilliancy has diminished. On the 10th it will be equally distant from the sun and earth. We shall soon lose sight of it, and astronomers only will be able to follow it for a month longer. It presents a singular peculiarity. M. Chacornac has studied the nucleus with one of M. Foucault's telescopes of a diameter of 40 centimetres; instead of its being hollow like the half of an egg-shell, like most of the comets already observed, it presents the appearance of a sun composed of fireworks, the bent rays of which burn in the same sense. Moreover, the comet has not drawn nearer to the sun. These are all circumstances calculated to introduce great complications into the theory of comets."

The second great flower-show of the season was held on Wednesday afternoon, in the new grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society at Kensington. A very numerous attendance showed how popular these open-air fêtes have become. The roses were arranged along the interior of the conservatory, perhaps we should say, were placed along the interior, for there seems to have been no attempt at arrangement or classification, all colours and all varieties being promiscuously intermingled. Apart from the rose-show, which was a minor feature, it was surprising to find what vast progress has been made since the opening of the gardens some few weeks back. Instead of the suspicious air of completeness which they were made to assume on the day when the Prince Consort inaugurated their opening, their aspect is now that of thriving growth: the turf seems more as if it had grown, less as if it had been placed there; the parterres look more natural, and the plants appear more reconciled to their new home. The art portion is of course, as it must long remain, in utter déshabille; unfinished vases, empty pedestals, and unfilled niches appealing touchingly to the generosity of the wealthy members of this distinguished Society. Two statues, those of Lord Beresford and Lord Hill, and twenty-two busts, which have been presented to Wellington College by individual munificence, were exhibited on Wednesday at the flower-show, as a sort of stimulus probably to the visitors to go and do likewise in the case of the Horticultural Gardens.

The Times has reprinted portions of an article from the *Homeward Mail* in which some bitter anticipations are indulged in on the strength of a rumour that "the old Museum and Library of the India House are to be made over bodily to the gigantic establishment in Great Russell Street, there to become part and parcel of the national collections, known as the 'British Museum.'" We believe, however, that we may state that there is no truth in this rumour. Without going into the various arguments which the writer in question brings against such a change, and which are in themselves very just and urgent, we must protest against the mere notion of such an addition to the already unwieldy library of the British Museum. Everybody who has occasion to use the reading-room of that colossal establishment knows how tedious and troublesome a matter it is; add a new library, a new section of readers, and it will be difficult to imagine the confusion and delay which must be the inevitable result. When under the present system of the India

House library, there are numerous important advantages which do not belong and can never belong to a vast institution like the British Museum, why on earth should we sacrifice them for the purely imaginary blessings of a centralization, which has already been carried too far?

We have to announce the death of Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., who expired at his residence at Hampstead, on Saturday last. The deceased, who was born in 1788, was of Jewish parentage, having been the son of Mr. Myer Cohen, at one time a wealthy and respected member of the Stock Exchange. Upon the breaking out of the war with France in 1803, Mr. Cohen met with heavy losses, and his son was articled as a clerk to Messrs. Smith and Co., solicitors, of Basinghall Street, with whom he served his time. From an early period of his life he devoted himself with great ardour to literary and antiquarian pursuits, and in 1818 edited a collection of Anglo-Norman "Chansons," which has now become exceedingly rare. In 1823 he had attained such celebrity as a literary antiquarian, that Sir Walter Scott, in a letter dated Abbotsford, 9th January, writes thus to Terry in reference to a proposed translation of early German poetry:—"I do not know where such an interpreter as I point to could be found; but a literal jog-trotter, such as translated the passages from Goethe... would never make a profitable job. The bibliophile must lay his account to seek out a man of fancy and pay him well. I suppose my friend Cohen is above superintending such a work, otherwise he is the man to make something of it. Perhaps he might be induced to take it in hand for the love of the task." In this same year, upon the occasion of his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, Francis Cohen changed his name to Palgrave, which was the maiden name of his wife's mother. In 1827 he was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, but his principal practice as a barrister was in the House of Lords, where he was constantly and with great success employed in pedigree cases. In 1831 he published his *History of England in the "Family Library,"* and in the following year appeared his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, and Observations on the Principles, &c., of New Municipal Corporations.* These were followed by his *Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages* (published in 1837, 2nd edition in 1844), the *History of Normandy and England*, in 1851, and the *Handbook for Travellers in Northern Italy*, in 1858. Besides these works, he contributed various articles to the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and other leading periodicals, and in 1832 received the honour of knighthood in acknowledgment of his contributions to the constitutional and Parliamentary history of his country. He was also one of the Municipal Corporation Commissioners, and in December, 1839, was gazetted to the post of Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records, which office he continued to hold with great zeal and ability up to the period of his decease. There is every reason to hope and believe that the vacancy caused by his death will be filled by Mr. Thomas Duffus Hardy, the present senior Assistant-Keeper in the Record Office. This gentleman has been employed in the office for upwards of forty years, and his vast literary and antiquarian attainments no less than his generally acknowledged diligence and accuracy give him claims superior to those of any one else to occupy the post lately filled by the late Sir Francis Palgrave.

Popular tales and domestic fiction in our best penny publications have always obtained a large circulation; but it would seem another class of readers is equally large, if we may judge from the announcement of Cassell's new weekly journal, to be called *The Quiver*, which will be devoted to the advancement of religion in the homes of the people, by the promotion and defence of Biblical truth. The price is to be one penny, and the first number to appear at the end of August; published by Cassell and Co., London and New York.

Mr. Alfred Austin's *Season* has, we perceive, reached a second edition. It is adorned with a new preface, and is dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

Mr. Turnbull will probably be contented now that he has succeeded in making of himself a martyr, well worthy to succeed many of those whose memory he so devoutly cherishes. If, as we think, the whole conduct of this gentleman has been as unwise as it has been ostentatious, he has at any rate succeeded in drawing upon himself an amount of public attention, which must be in the highest degree gratifying to him, and in having paraded before the public, testimonies to his abilities which are as respectable in the sources from which they sprang, as they are exaggerated in the terms in which they are conveyed. We have never attempted to impugn Mr. Turnbull's moral rectitude, still less have we sided with those who, in a spirit of religious bigotry, have compelled him to sacrifice a post, for which we should think at the most not more than one or two hundred men in this country were equally well fitted, as regards antiquarian knowledge and general information, with himself. But, on the other hand, we have ever looked upon his original appointment as the least wise and least desirable that could well be conceived. Did we, in fact, estimate Mr. Turnbull as highly as some of his friends seem to rank him; could we indeed echo all the praises which judges, counsel whether for prosecution or defence, or the press has lavished upon him, we should still think that his violence and indiscretion was strongly opposed to the advisability of his filling such a post; but the works which Mr. Turnbull has published argue, in our opinion, no such talents as would at all lead us to overlook some disqualifications, for the sake of securing services so all-important. We think, on the contrary, that Mr. Turnbull's pretensions do not rank higher than a mere dilettantism; and had the Master of the Rolls chosen to look nearer home, he might have found many a zealous and erudite antiquary, whose services could have been secured at the same remuneration which Mr. Turnbull views as inadequate. We now dismiss the ungracious subject, hoping that we have heard the last of a controversy in which we scarcely know whether the position of Mr. Turnbull or his antagonists is less desirable.

Mr. Smith, the author of a work on the Quadrature of the Circle, which was reviewed in our columns a short time ago (*Literary Gazette* for June 8th), is still carrying on the controversy in all directions. A writer, signing himself "Pi," published a letter in one of the Liverpool papers, in which he expressed his dissent from Mr. James Smith's theory. Mr. Smith, no way daunted, has published an answer, a portion of which we extract, for the benefit, or otherwise, of mathematical readers:—"Pi" admits that he agrees with me in most of my statements, and in the closing paragraph of his letter remarks, 'That if I will show that the perimeter of a regular polygon of 24 sides, circumscribed by a circle the diameter of which is 1, is less than 3.125; or, that the area of a regular polygon of 48 sides, circumscribed by the same circle, is less than .78125; he will engage to publish himself as a convert to my theory.' To comply with his request, would require a reference to diagrams quite incompatible with a newspaper controversy; but I venture to make him the following proposal:—I will undertake to demonstrate the fallacy by which he arrives at the conclusion, that the perimeter of a 24 sided regular polygon, inscribed in a circle of which the diameter is 1, is greater than 3.125; and the area of a regular polygon of 48 sides, inscribed in the same circle, greater than .78125; on the condition that he shall renounce his *incognito*, and undertake to demonstrate the fallacy (for fallacy there must be if his theory be true) in the reasoning by which I establish the truth of the following paradoxical proposition:—I affirm, that the circumference of a circle, of which the diameter is 1 is 3.125, and the area .78125, both of which are less than 'Pi' believes to be their true value; and yet, it may be demonstrated, that a given circle *actually* contains a larger area than it can be made to contain on the theory of 'Pi.' For example:—With any radius describe a circle. Inscribe in it a regular polygon of 25 sides, and draw straight lines from the angle points of the polygon to the centre of the circle. A geometrical figure will then be inscribed in the circle composed of 25 equal isosceles triangles, of which the sides

are radii of the circle, and the base of each a side of the inscribed polygon. The circumference of the circle may be any given quantity. As the circle is divided into 360° for the purposes of trigonometrical and other calculations, we will call it 360. Then,  $360 \div 25 = 14.4$ , must be the value of each of the 25 arcs subtending the sides of the inscribed polygon. On the theory of 'Pi,' the diameter of a circle is contained *slightly less than* 3.1416 times in its circumference. Therefore,  $360 \div 3.1416 = \text{diameter} = 114.5912 \text{ \&c.}$ ;  $\frac{1}{2} (114.5912 \text{ \&c.}) = \text{radius} = 57.2956 \text{ \&c.}$ ; and 'Pi' will admit that radius  $\times$  semi-circumference  $= 57.2956 \text{ \&c.} \times 180 = 10313.208 \text{ \&c.}$  = area of the circle. Now, it is evident, as radius  $\times$  semi-circumference = area; that radius  $\times$  half the arc which subtends a side of the inscribed polygon, must be equal to the area of that part of the circle contained by any two radii,  $= 57.2956 \text{ \&c.} \times 7.2 = 412.52832 \text{ \&c.}$  There are twenty-five of such parts within the circle; therefore,  $25 (412.52832 \text{ \&c.}) = 10313.208 \text{ \&c.}$ , also equals the area of the circle. And 'Pi' will not only not dispute, but will, on the contrary, maintain, that the square of the radius  $\times 3.1416 = 57.2956 \text{ \&c.}^2$ ,  $\times 3.1416 = 10313.1998 \text{ \&c.}$ , is also equal to the area of the circle. Now, all these results are admitted to be only approximations, but are supposed to be very close approximations to the area of the circle; but the latter example does not and cannot be made to agree with the two former examples. On my theory, the diameter of a circle is contained *exactly* 3.125 times in its circumference; therefore,  $360 \div 3.125 = \text{diameter} = 115.2$ ;  $\frac{1}{2} (115.2) = \text{radius} = 57.6$ ; radius  $\times$  semi-circumference  $= 57.6 \times 180 = 10368 = \text{area of the circle}$ . Or, radius  $\times$  half the arc which subtends a side of the inscribed polygon, is equal to that part of the circle contained by any two radii  $= 57.6 \times 7.2 = 414.72$ ; and  $25 (414.72) = 10368$ , also equals the area of the circle. Or, the square of the radius  $\times 3.125 = 57.6^2 \times 3.125 = 10368$ , is also equal to the area of the circle; and by the three methods of calculation we obtain the same result exactly, and the circle contains a larger area than it is made to contain on the theory of 'Pi.' I maintain, again, that one thirty-second part of the perimeter of any square, is equal to one twenty-fifth part of the periphery of a circle inscribed in the square, and is exactly equal to the arc which subtends a side of a regular 25-sided polygon inscribed in the circle. Now, the periphery of the circle being 360, the area of it is 10368. Then, as  $.78125 : 1 :: 10368 : 13271.04$ , the area of a square circumscribed about the circle;  $\sqrt{13271.04} = 115.2$ , must be the side of the square;  $4 (115.2) = 460.8$  must be the perimeter of the square; and  $460.8 \div 32 = 14.4$ , is one thirty-second part of the perimeter of the square, and exactly equal to the arc which subtends a side of a regular polygon of 25 sides inscribed in the circle, and which is necessarily a known and admitted quantity. Had space permitted, I might have shown that, in this respect, the theory of 'Pi' entirely fails, and also the strange results to which it leads; but he may easily satisfy himself on these points by working out the calculations.

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CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set, to £4 4s.

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is the most certain REMEDY for RESTORING and STRENGTHENING the HAIR. By it whiskers and moustaches are produced and beautified. Ladies will find it especially valuable, as the most delicate headress or bonnet can be worn without fear of soiling. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. C. and A. Oldridge, 22, Wellington Street, Strand.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED in

a few minutes, without injury to the Skin. Ten years' trial has proved the efficacy of ATKINS' PREPARATION for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least injury to the skin. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 5s. money order or stamps.

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"Eaton Square, London, June 20, 1860.  
"Miss Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Atkins, and respectfully states and thanks him at the same time for the complete success she derived from using his preparation. It was the means of removing the disfigurement on the face, with which she had been previously troubled for many years."

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ATKINS' HEAD LOTION cleanses the Skin of the Head and improves the hair by one application. Price 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per bottle.

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Wholesale Agents—Barclay and Sons, London; Raines and Co., Edinburgh, and 40, Hanover Street, Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., Bridge Street, York. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hair Dressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors.

The above preparations are prepared by John Atkins, Perfumer, 1, Falcon Villa, Falcon Road, Battersea near London.

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FIRE IGNITERS, Six for One Penny; lights the fire instantly, without the aid of wood or paper. By placing the point upwards and lighting the top with a match, a brilliant fire is immediately made. To hotel-keepers, institutions, and others, it is invaluable; boiling a kettle in ten minutes. Sole Agents: GEORGE BASHAM and Co., 8, Duke Street, London Bridge, S.E. Sold by all grocers, oilmen, ironmongers, etc.—Agents Wanted.

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Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for Indigestion. They act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation; safe under and circumstances; and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use.

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CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA CURED.

—Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in practice in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East Indian Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realising his wishes. His child was cured and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and there is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. It purifies all the fluids and secretions in the shortest reasonable period; it nourishes the patient who is too much reduced to partake of ordinary food; it strengthens, braces, and vitalizes the brain; it heals, as if by magic, all internal sores, tubercles, ulcers, and inflammations; it stimulates, but is not followed by a reaction; it at once obviates emaciation, building up waste flesh and muscle, as the rain vivifies and enhances the growth of the grass. It is without a rival as a tonic, and it immediately supplies electricity, or magnetic force (as if it were a battery) to every part of the enfeebled and prostrate body. The undersigned has never failed in making those who have tried it completely healthy and happy. Price 10s. per bottle. Those who have a particle of doubt as regards the above statement, or do not feel able to purchase the medicine, can have a recipe free containing full instructions for making and successfully using, and a history of the discovery, on receipt of a stamped envelope with their address, sent to O. P. BROWN, No. 14, Cecil Street, Strand, London.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Press in all parts of the world has been very liberal in praise of Dr. H. James's Medicines, as well as of his fair and disinterested method of disposing of them—the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" particularly.

"HE RELIEVES YOUR SUFFERINGS DISINTERESTEDLY!—Who does? Old Dr. H. James. This famous old retired physician has suddenly reappeared before the world, as one of the greatest public benefactors of the age. He went to the East Indies, it will be remembered, many years ago, an almost heart-broken man, with his little daughter—an only child—who was given up to die of consumption, which she inherited from her mother. Becoming acquainted with the great power and wonderful invigorating and restoring qualities of preparations made from East Indian Hemp, he set to work and studied and experimented, until he made a medicine that restored his child to health and happiness. Since then, the Doctor made and gave this medicine to all consumptives with whom he came in contact; and it never failed to effect a speedy and permanent cure. He was a few months ago prevailed upon to make this marvellous and blessed remedy public."—Atlas.

"A MAN OF A THOUSAND.—In these days of selfishness it is refreshing to find one man whose acts are altogether disinterested. We allude to Dr. H. James. He worked hard until he made from Cannabis Indica, and other potent vegetables, a medicine that has cured everybody that has taken it, for either consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and especially for nervous prostration or nervous disorders of all kinds. Try it."—Messenger.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT.—Let there be Light," said the Divine Architect, when he fashioned the earth from chaos, "and there was light." If the "regular faculty," (as the old school physicians who take heathenish oaths, and adopt mystery in their practice, call themselves) were to follow the example of the famous retired physician, Old Dr. H. JAMES, and, having first enlisted themselves with regard to the causes and nature of diseases, would surround their medicines with LIGHT, mankind would be spared a great deal of terrible suffering, and the Bills of Mortality would be materially curtailed. Old Dr. H. JAMES makes no mystery with his wonderful medicine, the EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. He tells how, when, and where he discovered it; how it operates; what it is made of; and why it effects such radical changes for the better in the depressed and disorganized human system. His magical remedy galvanizes the shattered sinews into strength, and invigorates the brain. By healing all internal ulcerations, regulating the stomach and liver, purifying the blood and secretions, and acting as a substitute for food, it expels the worst maladies from the body, exhilarates the mind, and clothes the bones with sound and healthy flesh. It is the only cure for consumption and kindred diseases ever discovered. It is also a sovereign and speedy remedy for all ailments of the brain, stomach, liver, heart, and nerves."—Liverpool Paper.

"POOR FRAIL MORTALITY.—The Almighty never made a human being who could become entirely and decidedly hopeless; for 'while there is life there is hope,' and a hopeless being would be lifeless. Invalids should bear in mind, that so long as they exist, they are fit subjects for hope. To sustain this argument, we cite the history of that popular and famous East India discovery, Old Dr. H. JAMES'S EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. Into thousands of sick chambers, from which hope had been sedulously and wickedly excluded, has this wonderful panacea found its way; and from out those chambers have come, in a short time, resuscitated, reinvigorated, and rejuvenated beings. This medicine is a sure remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs, and other complaints of the respiratory organs; and it is an equally certain and speedy cure for all diseases of the nervous system, stomach, liver, and brain. Our earnest advice to the sick is to get it, and give it a trial."—Birmingham Paper.